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THE TRANSFORMERS
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE!
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MAXIMUM DINOBOTS
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THE TRANSFORMERS
MAXIMUM DINOBOTS

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CYBERTRON (SUB-SECTOR-NINE):
THIS IS HOW IT WAS.
DYNOBOTS—MAXIMUM MAYHEM!
MAKE IT HARD, BRUTAL, AND UGLY. THAT WAY...

...THEY'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHO TO BLAME!
VRZOCH
ME. GRIMLOCK.
SLAG.
KINDA LIKE OUR TAG, RIGHT? "DYNOBOTS WOZ HERE!"
HAWHF
SLUDGE.
WE CAME. WE SAW. WE TRAMPLED.
SKRUDD
D-DUMMM
SWOOP.
NOTHIN' LIKE A BAD REP TO PRIME THE PUMP. THEY SEE US COMIN'... JOB'S HALFWAY DONE!
SNARL.
YAK-YAK-YAK. DON'T TALK—TRASH!
BUNCHA BLOWHARDS!
KREEAZK

TOGETHER, THE DYNOBOTS— A SEMI-AUTONOMOUS UNIT WITHIN THE LARGER AUTOBOT WAR MACHINE.
THE MORE INSANE THE MISSION, THE DIRTIER THE DIRTY JOB...
...THE MORE WE LIKED IT.
ONE DECEPTICON ENERGON SILO DULY REQUISITIONED. UM, FOR THE CAUSE!
IS IT JUST ME? OR DO THEY BREAK EASIER THAN THEY USED TO?
AND IF, WELL, SOMETIMES WE SIDESTEPPED THE CHAIN OF COMMAND AND WENT OUR OWN SWEET WAY...
...THE ENDS JUSTIFIED THE MEANS.
OF COURSE, IT COULDN'T LAST. OUR UNIT MOTTO WAS "CRASH AND BURN."
SOMEHOW, THOUGH, I NEVER THOUGHT...

...IT'D *END* THIS WAY.
THIS...
...IS HOW IT *IS*.
NEW ZEALAND, SOUTH ISLAND (FRANZ JOSEF GLACIER):
STRANDED ON A DISMAL SPECK OF A PLANET CALLED EARTH, THE FATE OF THE OTHERS UNCERTAIN.
THE SKYFIRE–OUR SHIP–BURIED, ALMOST BEYOND REPAIR.

TRAPPED IN A COMBAT-SHUNT VARIANT FORM ADAPTED FOR ONE SPECIFIC MISSION PROFILE, CURRENTLY ONLY ABLE TO MAKE *COSMETIC* CHANGES.
MARKED AS A RENEGADE, OR–WORSE–A DESERTER, BY THOSE I ONCE DEEMED COMRADES-IN-ARMS.
B-345-101
HUNTED BY *SCORPONOK*, A ROGUE DECEPTICON WITH A PENCHANT FOR TECHNOLOGICAL PIRACY.
HE OFFERED ME LACKEY STATUS IN SOME DERANGED PRIVATE ENTERPRISE AND I TURNED HIM DOWN FLAT. NOW HE WANTS ME SILENCED... PERMANENTLY.
STARING DOWN ARMAGEDDON—A DECEPTICON ARMY UNDER THE COMMAND OF *MEGATRON* POISED TO TAKE EARTH BY FORCE!
REALLY, HOW MUCH *WORSE* CAN IT GET?

(OUTSKIRTS OF) RENO, NEVADA:
THRILL ME.
SKYWATCH TACTICAL, THIS IS WESTON.
BIG TREX
SKYRIDE
ACTIVATE THUNDER LIZARDS 2, 3, 4, AND 5.
IDENTIFY TARGETS, ACTUALIZE... AND ENGAGE.
FTHWUSH

KRSHTASHH
CHAMP
SHRI-IKK

THAM THAM THAM THAM
T-THERE! FOUR POINT SIX SECONDS—ALL TARGETS DESTROYED. AND ZERO COLLATERAL!
SO, AGENT RED? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK...
...WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.
APPARENT SUCCESS FOLLOWED BY MYSTERIOUS FAILURE. WHAT'S TO SAY THAT CYCLE WON'T REPEAT WITH THESE FOUR?
WELL, WE'VE MADE SIGNIFICANT IMPROVEMENTS TO THE INHIBITOR WEB. DON'T ASK ME HOW, BUT ANY SOFTWARE KINKS WE'VE ENCOUNTERED IN THE PAST...
...SEEM TO HAVE, WELL, IRONED THEMSELVES OUT.
STRANGELY...
...I FIND THAT FAR FROM REASSURING.

DALLAS, TEXAS:
WELL?

THE TEST RUN WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS. AS FAR AS THEY'RE CONCERNED, SKYWATCH'S LITTLE COUNTER-MECH COMBAT UNIT IS READY TO BE ROLLED OUT.
THANKS TO YOU.
YES.

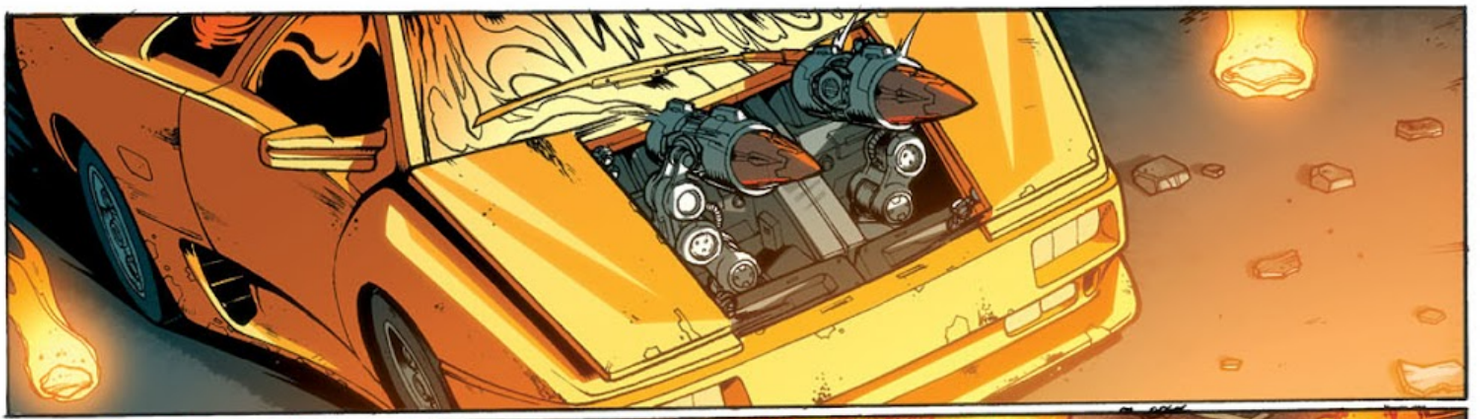
THANKS TO ME.
HOW COULD THEY KNOW THAT IT WAS I WHO PROVIDED–ALBEIT VIA YOU, KLOSS–THE MEANS TO COMPLETELY SUBMERGE/SUBVERT THE NEURAL NETS OF THE FOUR DYNOBOTS.

JUST AS IT IS I WHO SHALL ENSURE THAT IT ALL GOES TERRIBLY WRONG.
DANTE OUT.

"I," STRANGE HOW THAT NO LONGER SEEMS APPLICABLE. EVEN UNSHOD OF MY ARMOR I AM NO LONGER "I," I AM "WE."

I AM ABRAHAM DANTE STILL, CEO OF EPSILON HOLDINGS, BUT I AM ALSO...
...SCORPONOK.
AND "WE" SHALL VERY SOON BE THE CONTROLLING FORCE ON THIS WORLD, THE TRUE POWER BEHIND POLITICIANS AND GENERALS. AND FROM THESE HUMBLE BEGINNINGS...
...THE MACHINATION EMPIRE SHALL RISE!

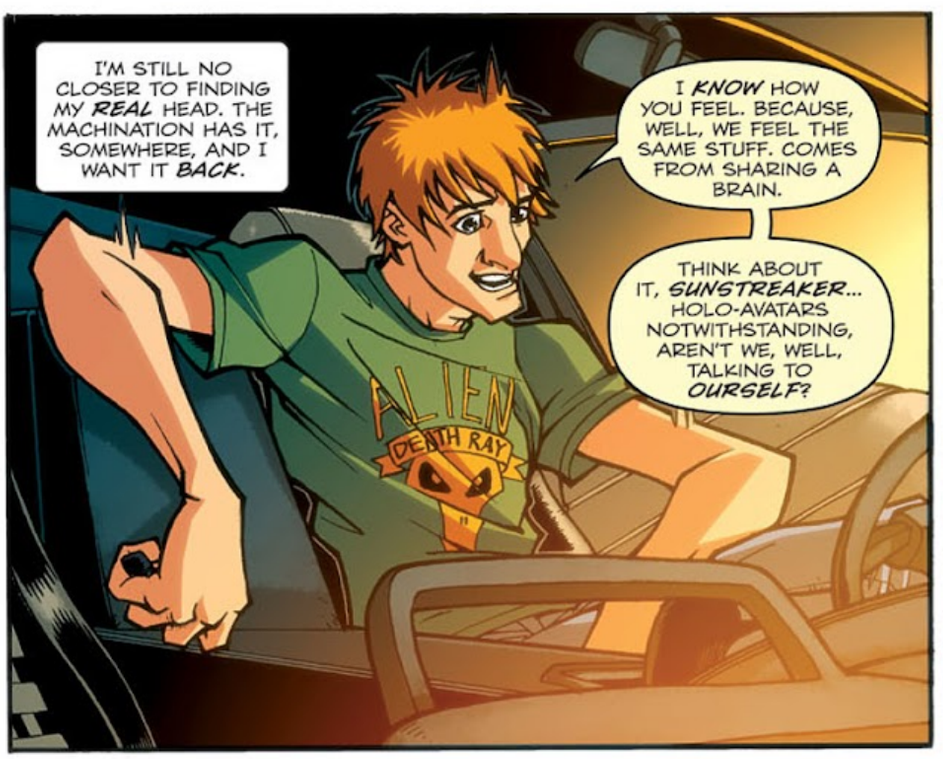
NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS:
FWOOF
RIGHT...
...NOW I'M MAD.
VREEEK



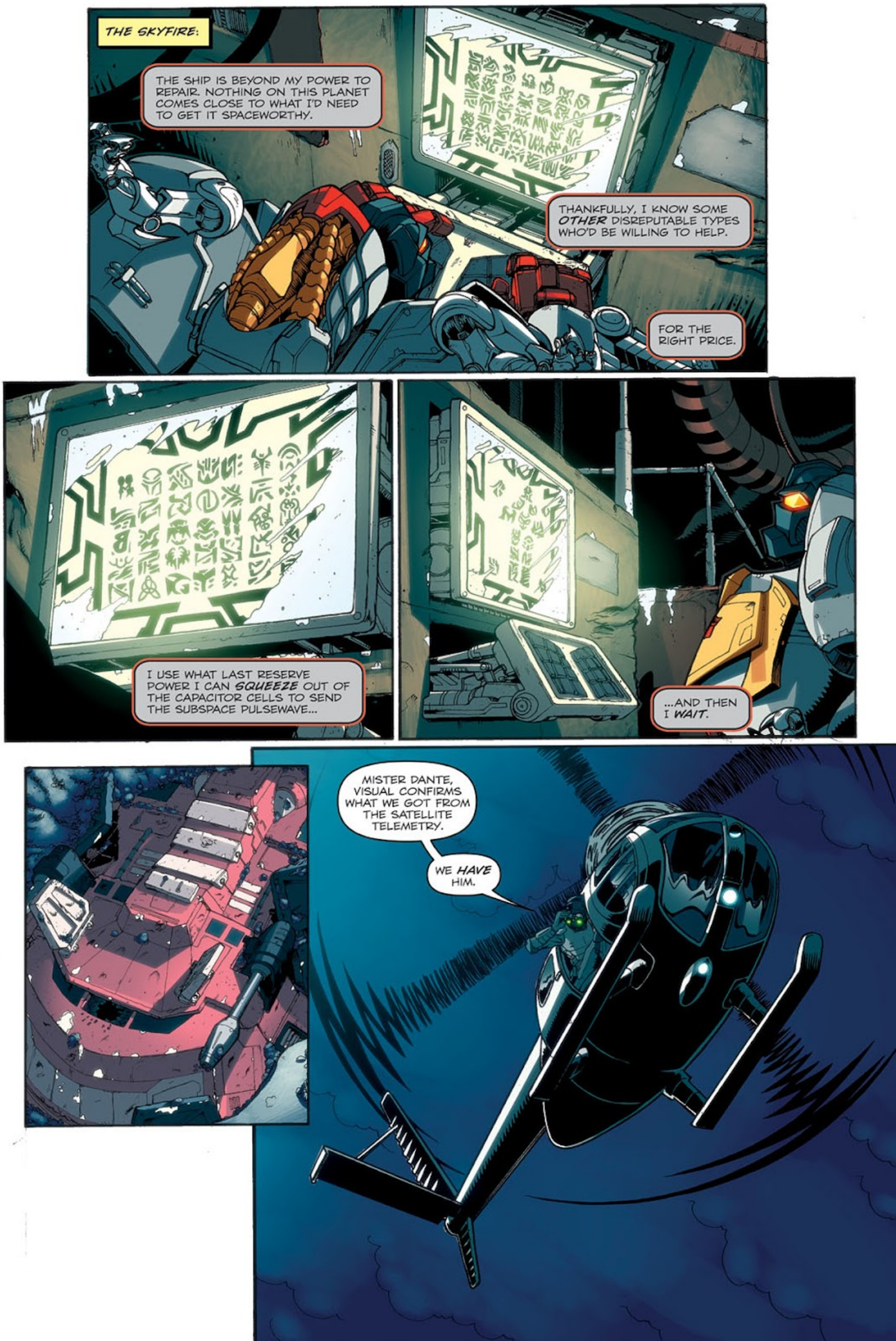
FAWHOOOOM!

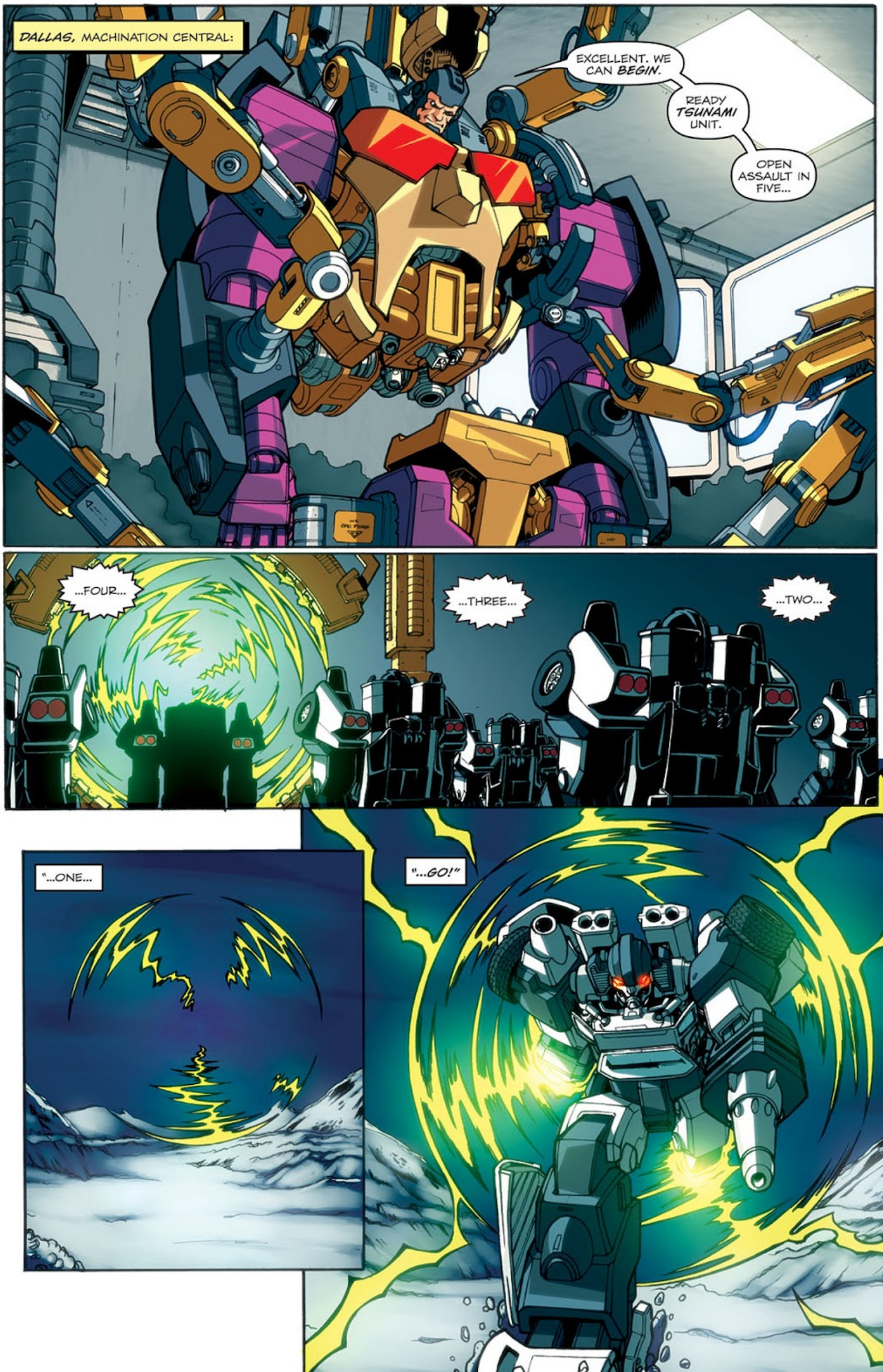
KARESSSH

"BETTER?"
I GUESS SO. JUST... NEEDED TO BREAK SOMETHING.
HH. YET ANOTHER DEAD END!


I'M STILL NO CLOSER TO FINDING MY REAL HEAD. THE MACHINATION HAS IT, SOMEWHERE, AND I WANT IT BACK.
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL. BECAUSE, WELL, WE FEEL THE SAME STUFF. COMES FROM SHARING A BRAIN.
THINK ABOUT IT, SUNSTREAKER... HOLO-AVATARS NOTWITHSTANDING, AREN'T WE, WELL, TALKING TO OURSELF?
ALIEN
DEATH RAY

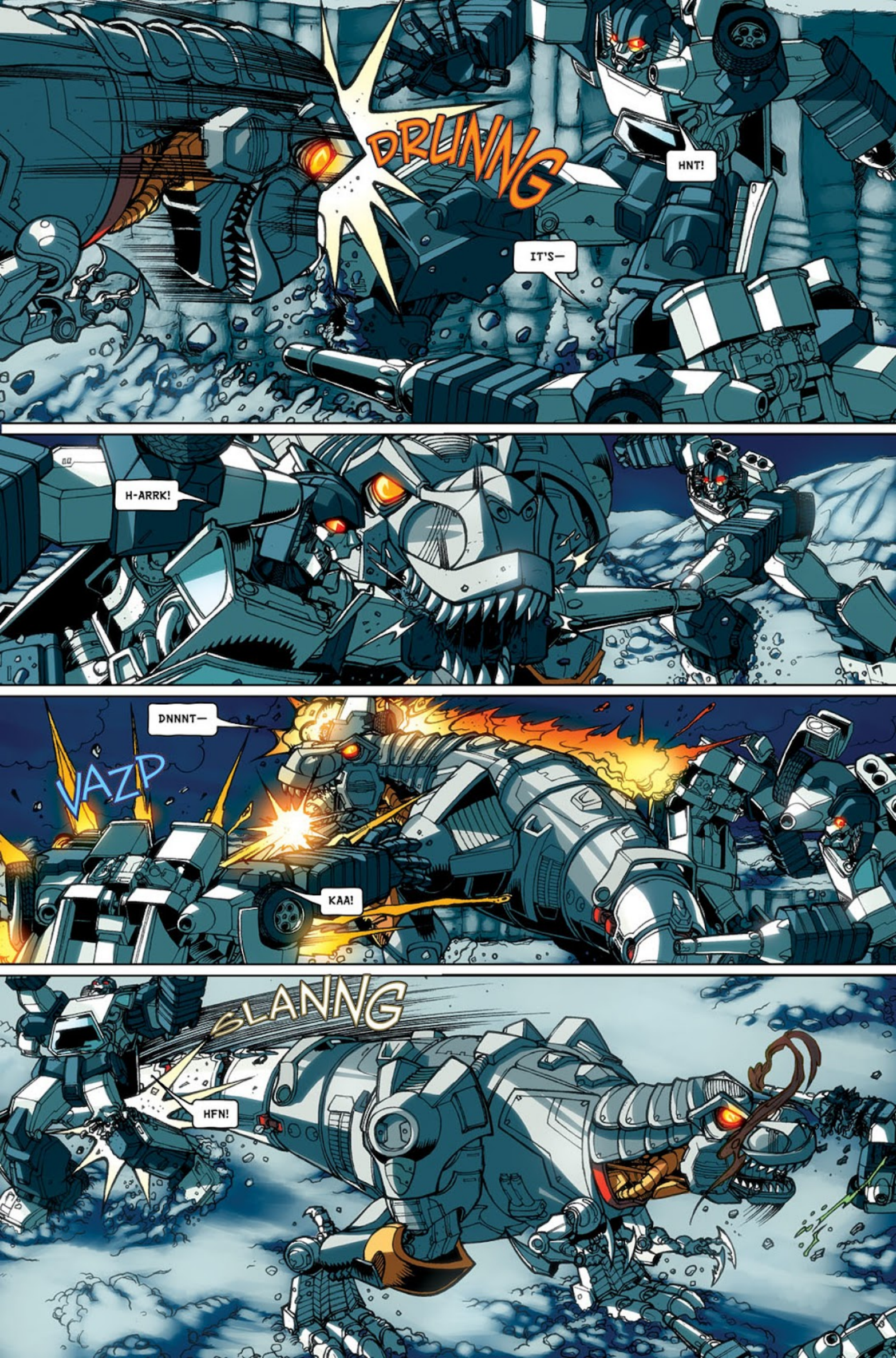
I SUPPOSE SO. STILL HAVEN'T GOT USED TO THIS WHOLE HEADMASTER THING. PROBABLY NEVER WILL. NO OFFENSE, BUT...
...I'M A SERIAL "ME."
NONE TAKEN. AND ANYWAY, WE DIDN'T COME UP EXACTLY EMPTY.
WHOOP WHOOP
HENDRICK
WE HAVE WHATEVER WAS IN THAT SHADOW DRIVE WE FOUND BURIED IN THEIR SERVER. IF WE'RE RIGHT AND THIS WAS ANOTHER MACHINATION FRONT, THEN THERE MAY BE SOMETHING HERE WE CAN USE.
AT THE VERY LEAST IT'LL SIGNPOST OUR NEXT PORT OF CALL.
DO IT. THE SOONER HUNTER O'NION GOES THE WAY OF ALL FLESH... THE BETTER. NO OFFENSE.
NONE TAKEN.
HM. WEIRD.
YEAH. WHAT'S A DINOBOT?
SOMETHING OF AN ANCIENT RELIC, BUT ACCORDING TO THIS, CURRENT MACHINATION BUSINESS.
WHICH MAKES IT...
...OUR BUSINESS. DALLAS—HERE WE COME!

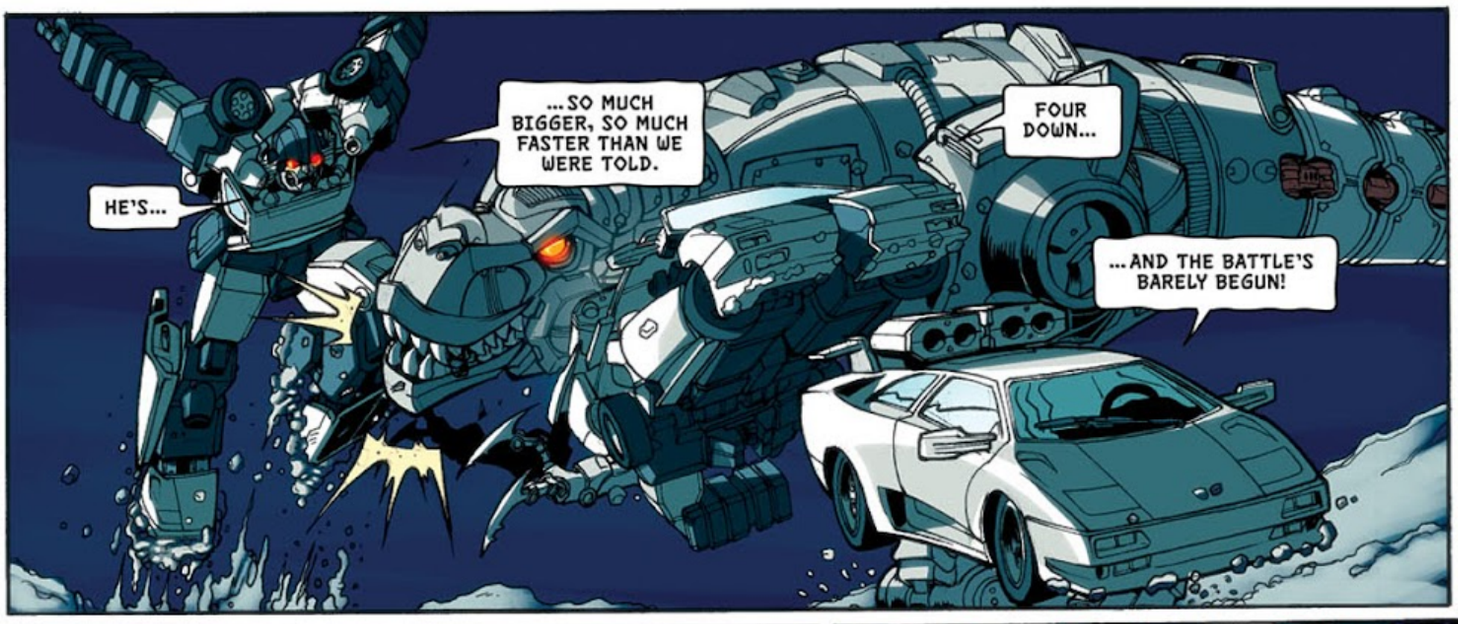

THE SKYFIRE:
THE SHIP IS BEYOND MY POWER TO REPAIR. NOTHING ON THIS PLANET COMES CLOSE TO WHAT I'D NEED TO GET IT SPACEWORTHY.
THANKFULLY, I KNOW SOME OTHER DISREPUTABLE TYPES WHO'D BE WILLING TO HELP.
FOR THE RIGHT PRICE.
I USE WHAT LAST RESERVE POWER I CAN SQUEEZE OUT OF THE CAPACITOR CELLS TO SEND THE SUBSPACE PULSEWAVE...
...AND THEN I WAIT.
MISTER DANTE, VISUAL CONFIRMS WHAT WE GOT FROM THE SATELLITE TELEMETRY.
WE HAVE HIM.

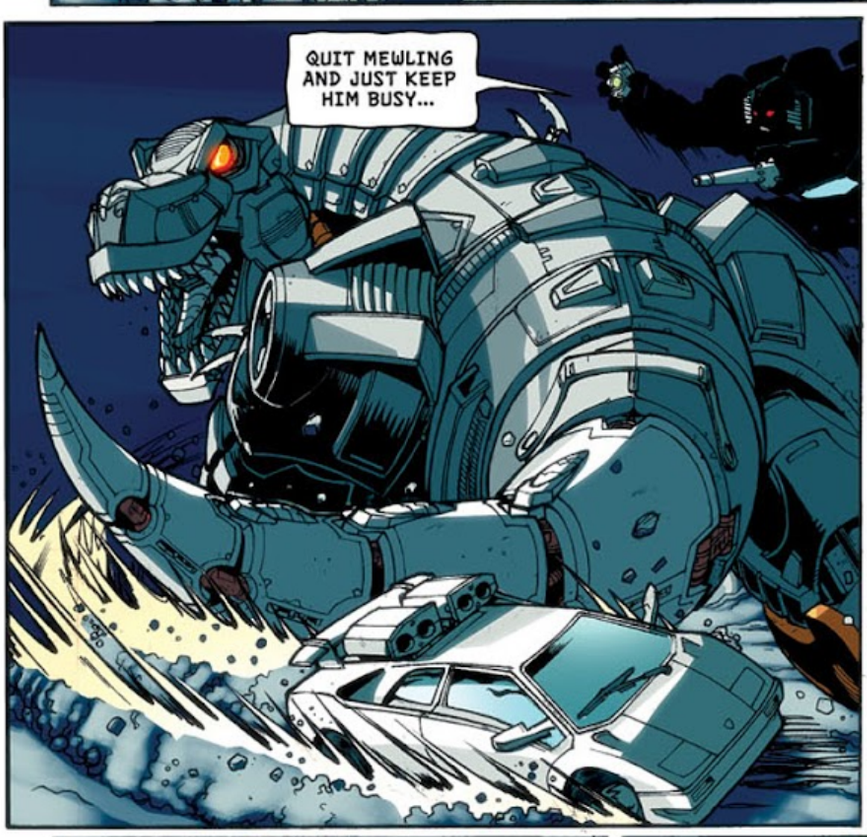

DALLAS, MACHINATION CENTRAL:
EXCELLENT. WE CAN BEGIN.
READY TSUNAMI UNIT.
OPEN ASSAULT IN FIVE...
...FOUR...
...THREE...
...TWO...
"...ONE...
"...GO!"

VWOH VWOH
COMPANY.
HAD TO HAPPEN. BUT IF THEY THINK I'M JUST GOING TO SIT BACK AND LET THEM TAKE ME...
...THEY REALLY DON'T KNOW ME AT ALL.
ON MY MARK...
...GET HIS ATTENTION!
SARZ
SARZ
SARZ
SARZ
SARZ
SARZ

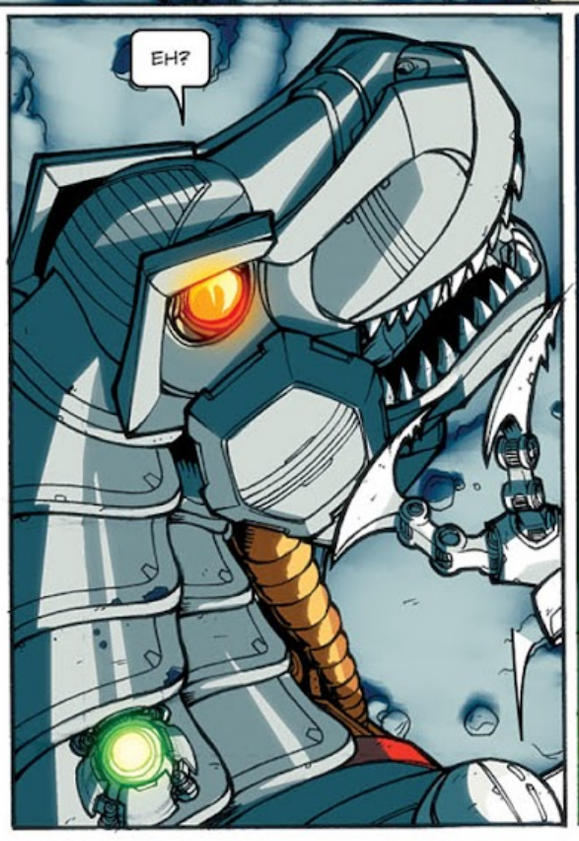
RAKT
DID I—?
GROOONK

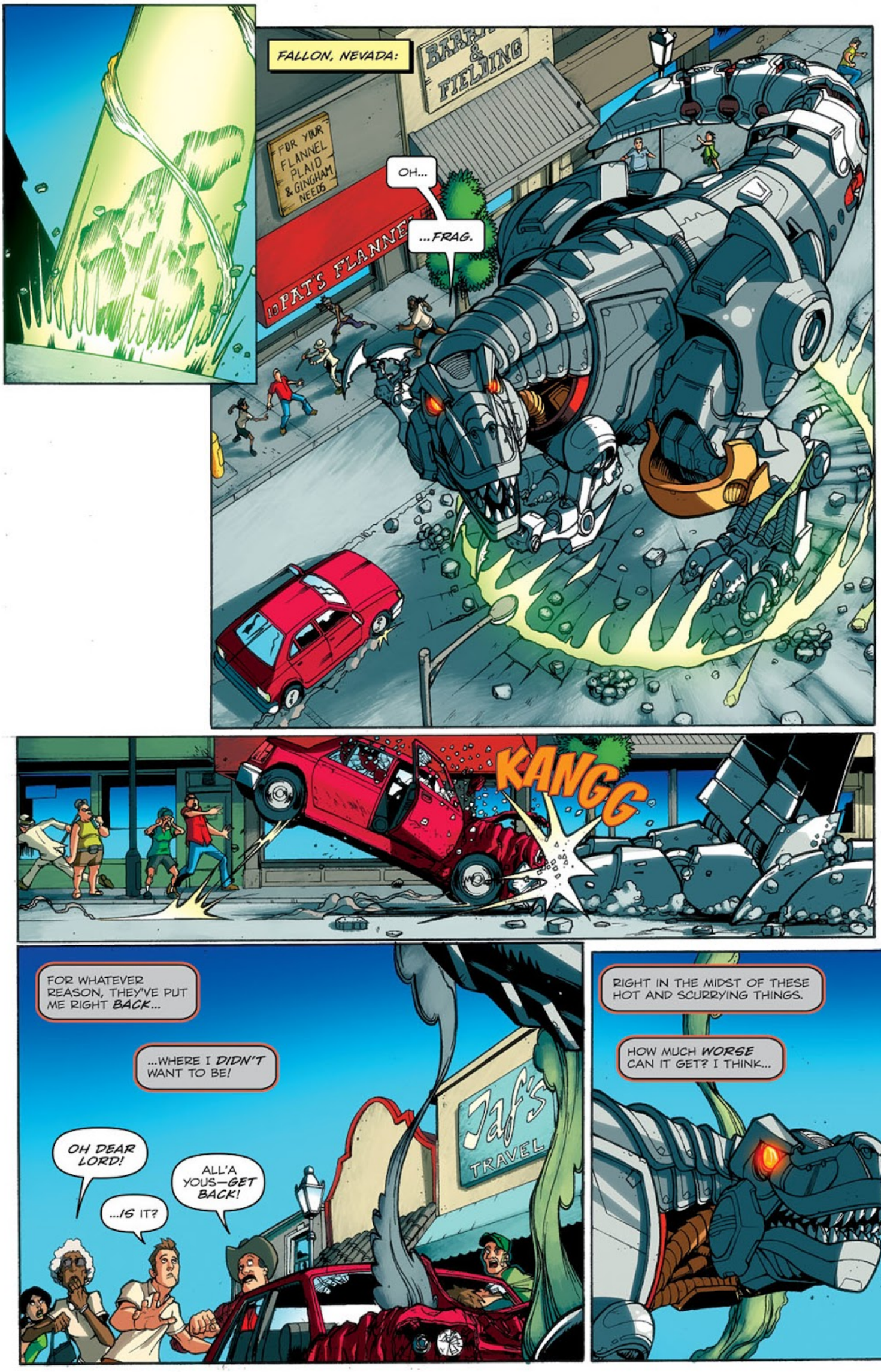

DRUNNG
HNT!
IT'S—
H-ARRK!
DNNNT—
VAZP
KAA!
GLANNG
HFN!


HE'S...
...SO MUCH BIGGER, SO MUCH FASTER THAN WE WERE TOLD.
FOUR DOWN...
...AND THE BATTLE'S BARELY BEGUN!


QUIT MEWLING AND JUST KEEP HIM BUSY...

...WHILE I DO WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE!
TNK


EH?


FALLON, NEVADA:
FOR YOUR FLANNEL PLAID & GINGHAM NEEDS
OH...
...FRAG.
KANGG
FOR WHATEVER REASON, THEY'VE PUT ME RIGHT BACK...
...WHERE I DIDN'T WANT TO BE!
OH DEAR LORD!
...IS IT?
ALL'A YOUS—GET BACK!
Jaf's TRAVEL
RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF THESE HOT AND SCURRYING THINGS.
HOW MUCH WORSE CAN IT GET? I THINK...

...I'M ABOUT TO FIND OUT.
SKYWATCH DIVISIONAL OPS (RENO):
...LOOKS TO ME LIKE A DAMN T-REX!
...WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S MEAN AND TICKED OFF!
DO WE HAVE A CONFIRMED VISUAL?
NO, SIR. BUT EVERYTHING POINTS TO THUNDER LIZARD 1.
ALL THIS TIME, NOTHING, THEN RIGHT ON OUR DOORSTEP.
HOW... CONVENIENT.
SIR?
NEVER MIND. HOWEVER IT GOT THERE, IT'S OUR PROBLEM.
I WANT A COMPLETE COMMUNICATIONS BLACKOUT. CUT PHONE LINES AND DISABLE ALL LOCAL CELL NETWORKS.
NO ONE IN—NO ONE OUT. ANYTHING AIRBORNE, EITHER FORCE IT DOWN... OR SHOOT IT DOWN. WHATEVER IT TAKES, CONTAIN THIS.
SEAL FALLON OFF.
WESTON—STATUS.
HH-HH. THUNDER LIZARDS 2, 3, 4, AND 5...
"...ARE EN ROUTE."

"AND GOD HELP ANYONE CAUGHT BETWEEN THEM!"
DALLAS:
WE HAVE A VISITOR.
SO I SEE.
HOW'D HE FIND US?
IT DOESN'T MATTER. LET HIM COME. THE REALIZATION OF MANY, MANY YEARS' PLANNING IS NOW WITHIN MY GRASP.
BEFORE I TRUNCATE HIS MISERABLE EXISTENCE, HOT ROD SHALL BEAR WITNESS TO AN EVOLUTION—THE DOOM OF THE DYNOBOTS...
...AND THE DAWN OF THE HEADMASTERS!
TO BE CONTINUED...

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DALLAS, TEXAS:
CH-FANNG
HNRHG!
COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY, HOT ROD.

IF I'D WANTED YOU DEAD, YOU'D HAVE LONG AGO MET YOUR CREATOR.
THIS...
FHT-EH...
...IS JUST PLAY.
CLUNNG
THE TRUTH OF IT IS, I WANT YOU TO SEE THE FULL SCOPE OF WHAT IS EVEN NOW UNFOLDING IN ALL ITS TERRIBLE GLORY, THE MAGNIFICENT BREADTH OF MY VISION. AND FOR THAT I NEED YOU BROKEN, TAMED...
...AND HOBBLED.
EEAAA!
RENK

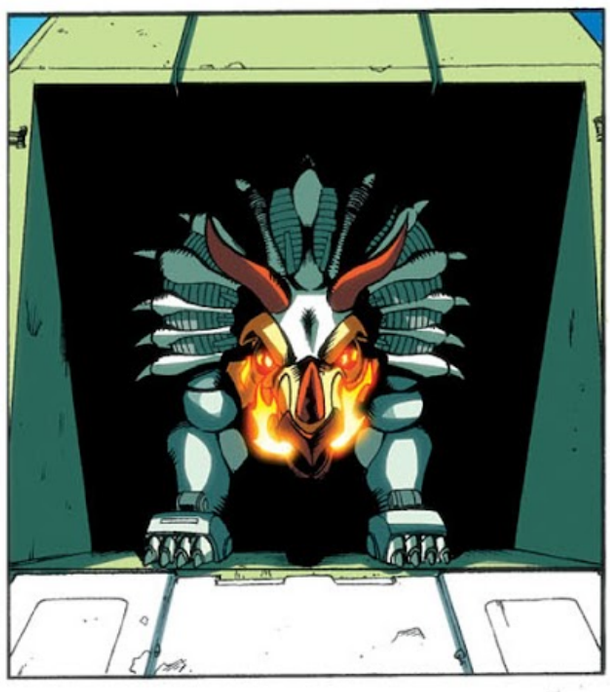
BRING HIM.
SIR!
I ADMIRE YOUR TENACITY, HOT ROD, I REALLY DO.
GIVEN THAT OUR INITIAL STRIKE AGAINST YOU WAS PURELY RANDOM, AN EXERCISE*, YOU'VE STUBBORNLY STUCK AT THIS, DETERMINED TO SETTLE THE SCORE OR PERHAPS RESCUE POOR SUNSTREAKER.
YOU EVEN FOUND YOUR WAY HERE! YOU REALLY MUST TELL ME HOW.
*IN TRANSFORMERS: DEVASTATION
BUT LATER. THE CURTAIN IS ABOUT TO RISE ON THE FALL OF THE DYNOBOTS...
...AND THE RISE OF THE MACHINATION EMPIRE!

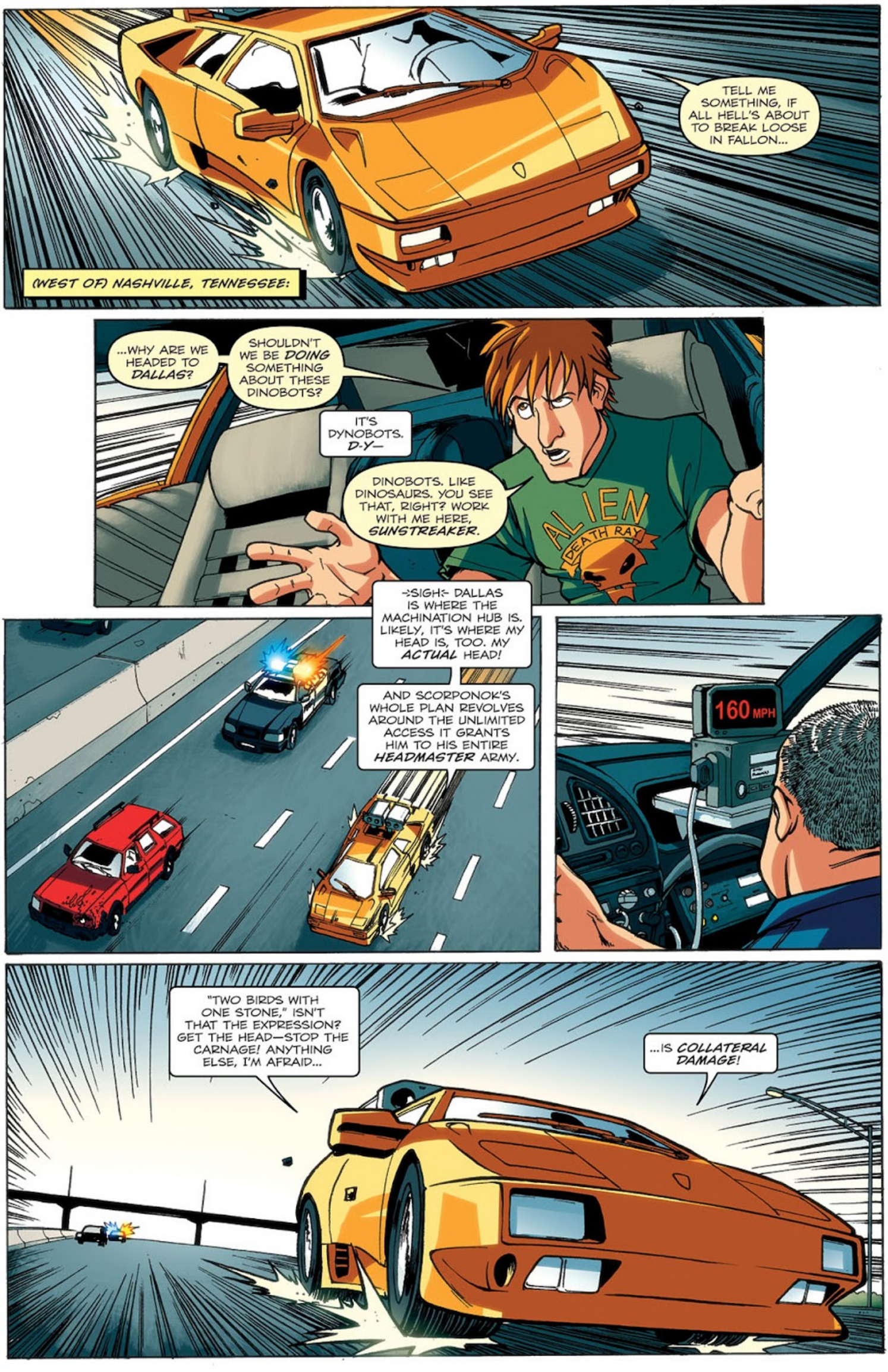
FALLON, NEVADA:
SNROARR
IS THIS IT, SCORPONOK? IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED?
17
THE BEAST UNLEASHED! A VERY PUBLIC MONSTER! WELL, FINE. I'M HAPPY TO OBLIGE!
WHATEVER IT IS YOU GOT WAITING FOR ME...

...BRING IT ON!

IT'S EASY TO FORGET THAT BEHIND GRIMLOCK'S ANGRY WHITE NOISE LURKS A BRAIN. HE UNDERSTANDS.
WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY. WHAT IS THE MACHINATION?
IT IS THE CULMINATION OF A PLAN CONCEIVED LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY. ON A PLANET CALLED NEBULOS, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED.
I'M NOT.
HN. THEN JUST WATCH...

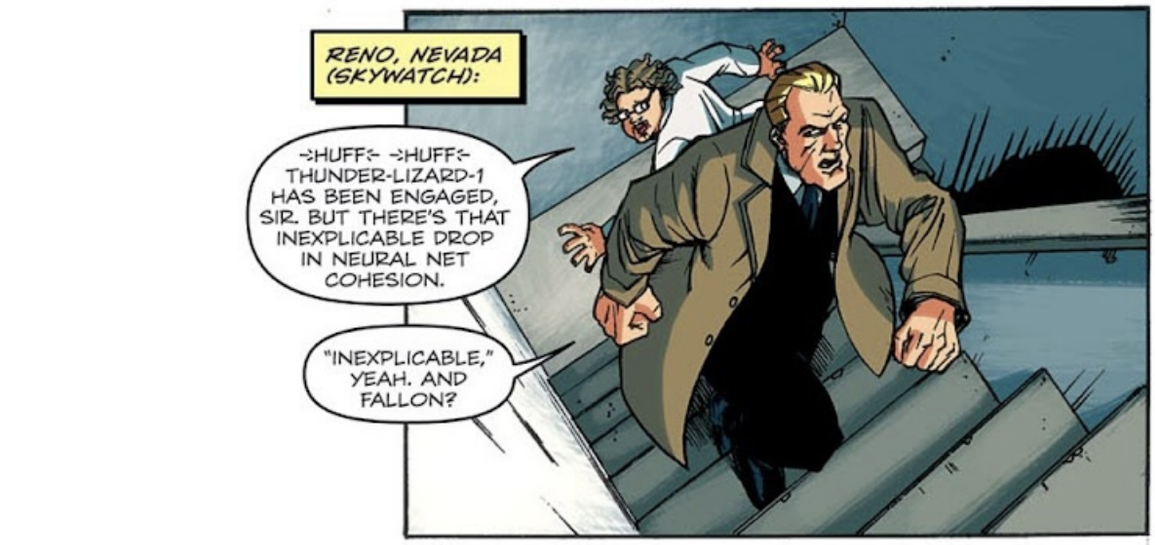
...AND LEARN!




TELL ME SOMETHING, IF ALL HELL'S ABOUT TO BREAK LOOSE IN FALLON...
(WEST OF) NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE:
...WHY ARE WE HEADED TO DALLAS?
SHOULDN'T WE BE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THESE DINOBOTS?
IT'S DYNOBOTS. D-Y—
DINOBOTS. LIKE DINOSAURS. YOU SEE THAT, RIGHT? WORK WITH ME HERE, SUNSTREAKER.
ALIEN DEATH RAY
-:SIGH:- DALLAS IS WHERE THE MACHINATION HUB IS. LIKELY, IT'S WHERE MY HEAD IS, TOO. MY ACTUAL HEAD!
AND SCORPONOK'S WHOLE PLAN REVOLVES AROUND THE UNLIMITED ACCESS IT GRANTS HIM TO HIS ENTIRE HEADMASTER ARMY.
160 MPH
"TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE," ISN'T THAT THE EXPRESSION? GET THE HEAD—STOP THE CARNAGE! ANYTHING ELSE, I'M AFRAID...
...IS COLLATERAL DAMAGE!

FALLON:
RISSOLE
HOWOWRR!
CAN'T BE!
IT IS!
THE DYNOBOTS!
LOOSEN THE NEURAL DAMPERS BY THIRTY PERCENT. LET SOME OF WHO THEY WERE COME TO THE SURFACE.
I WANT THEM AT THEIR SAVAGE BEST!

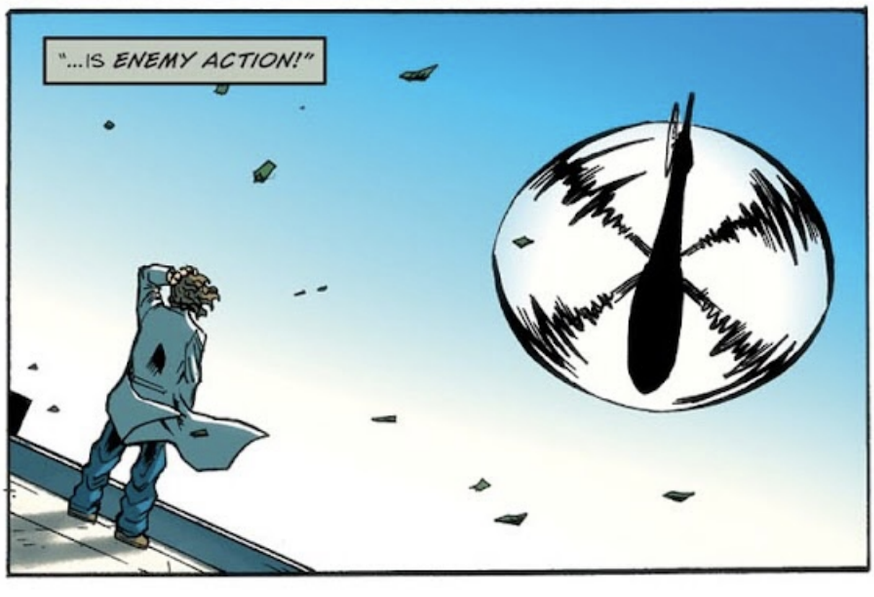
ZZARK
SO. SCORPONOK LIED. YOU DID SURVIVE!
SLAG?
SNARL?
SLUDGE?
SWOOP-UUH!
RZOT
NO ONE HOME, EH? WELL, WHATEVER'S BEEN DONE TO YOU CAN BE UNDONE. YOU'RE ALIVE, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!
THIS IS SERGEANT DONNELLY OF THE CHURCHILL COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT, REQUESTING AN URGENT 'PATCH TO HOMELAND SECURITY!
HELLO? ANYONE?
I'M SORRY, SIR. NATIONAL EMERGENCY. PLEASE TURN YOUR VEHICLE AROUND NOW!
Welcome to Fallon
The Oasis of Nevada


RENO, NEVADA (SKYWATCH):
-:HUFF:- -:HUFF:- THUNDER-LIZARD-1 HAS BEEN ENGAGED, SIR. BUT THERE'S THAT INEXPLICABLE DROP IN NEURAL NET COHESION.
"INEXPLICABLE," YEAH. AND FALLON?

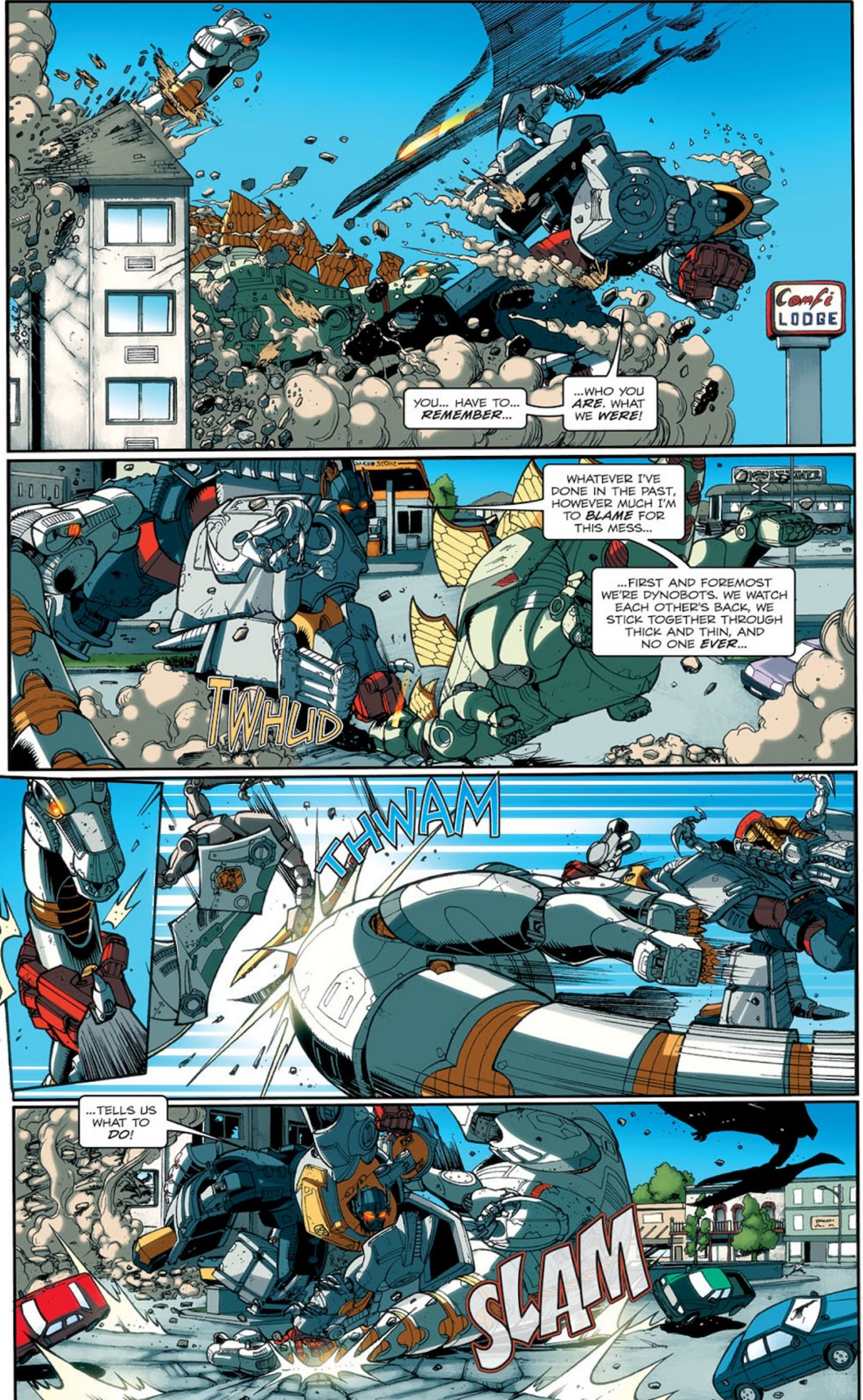
SEALED OFF—TIGHT AS A DRUM. NOTHING IN, NOTHING OUT!
CELLULAR NETWORKS ALL DISABLED. LANDLINES, TOO. AND WE'RE -:HUFF:- ENFORCING A FORTY-MILE RADIUS NO-FLY ZONE.
GOOD, KEEP ME UPDATED AT REGULAR INTERVALS.

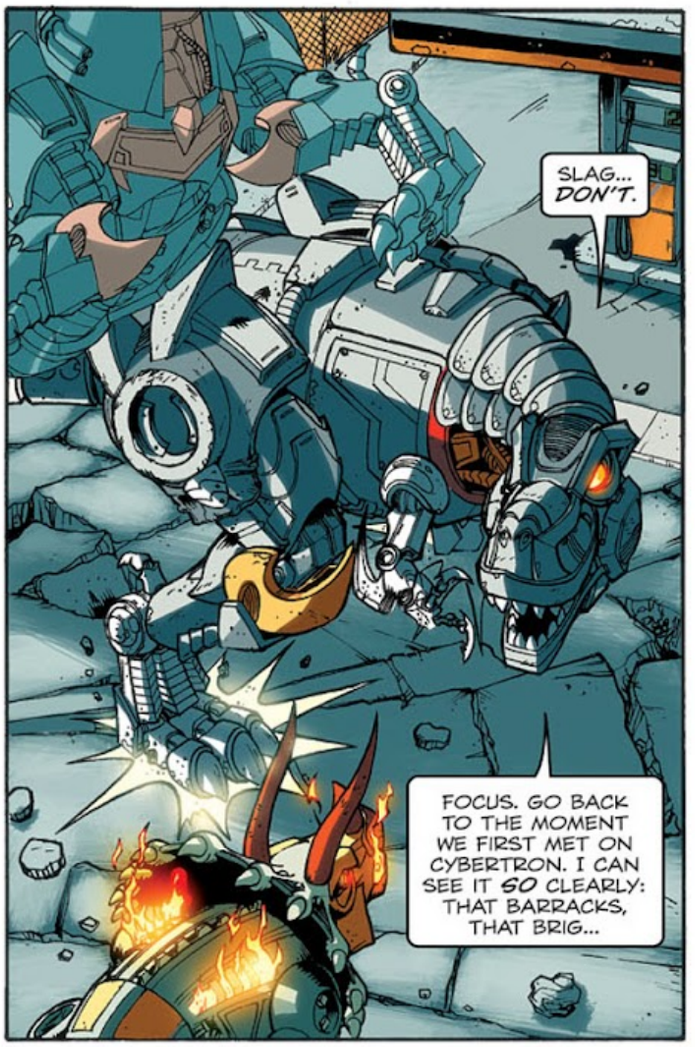
UM, AGENT RED—SIR... WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO DO SOMETHING I SHOULD HAVE DONE THE MOMENT WE LOST THUNDER-LIZARD-1.
IAN FLEMING PUT IT THIS WAY: ONCE IS HAPPENSTANCE. TWICE IS COINCIDENCE. THREE TIMES...

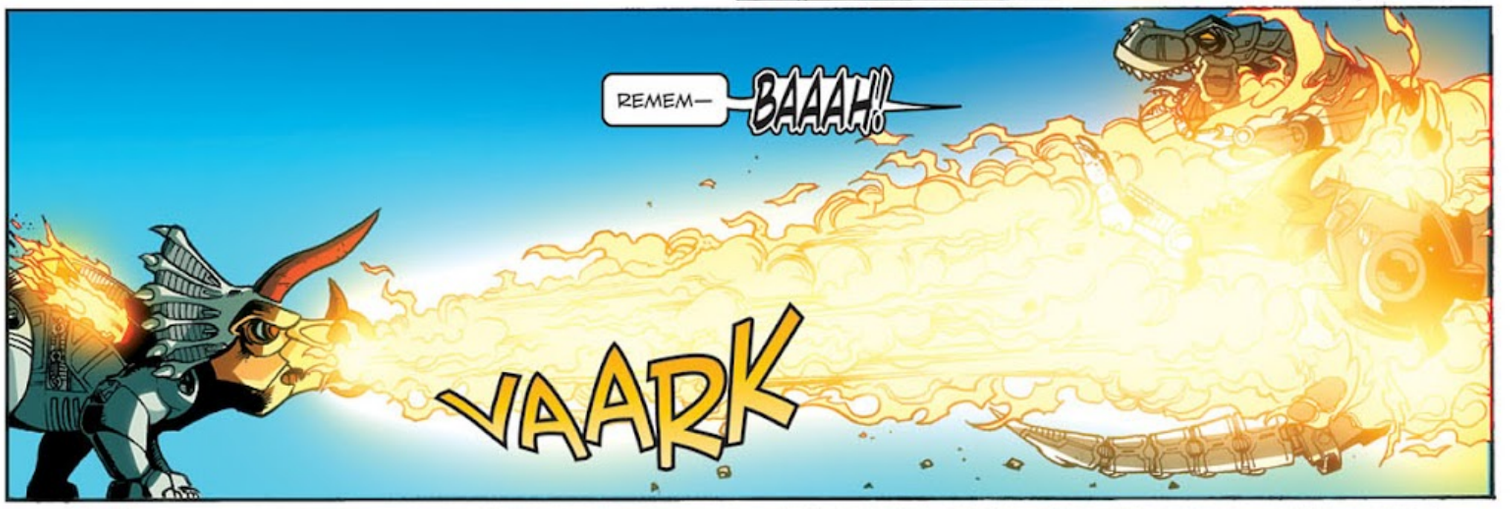

"...IS ENEMY ACTION!"

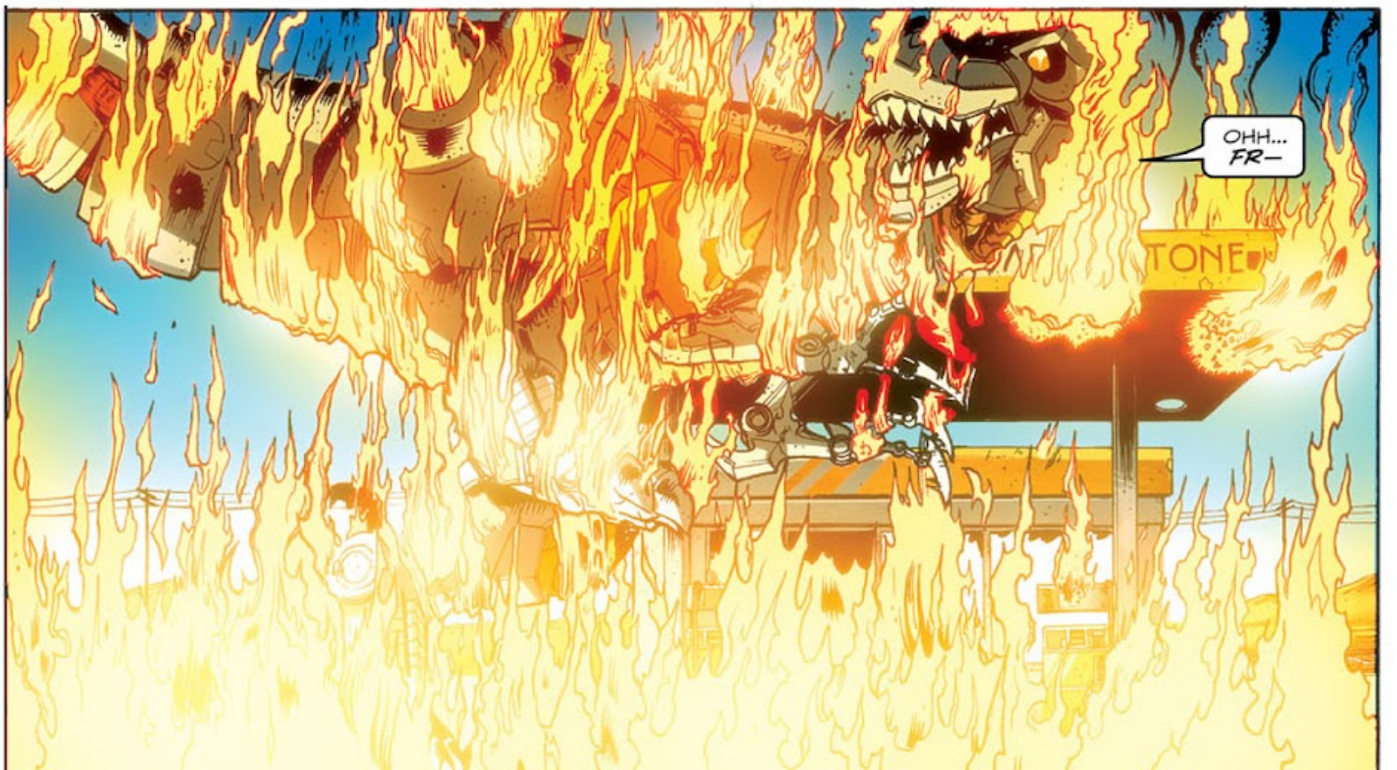
FALLON:
DON'T... WANT... TO... FIGHT... YOU!
BUT...
LODGE
SKRASHHK
...YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME MUCH CHOICE!
CHUTT


Comfi LODGE
YOU... HAVE TO... REMEMBER...
...WHO YOU ARE. WHAT WE WERE!
WHATEVER I'VE DONE IN THE PAST, HOWEVER MUCH I'M TO BLAME FOR THIS MESS...
...FIRST AND FOREMOST WE'RE DYNOBOTS. WE WATCH EACH OTHER'S BACK, WE STICK TOGETHER THROUGH THICK AND THIN, AND NO ONE EVER...
TWHUD
THWAM
...TELLS US WHAT TO DO!
SLAM


SLAG... DON'T.
FOCUS. GO BACK TO THE MOMENT WE FIRST MET ON CYBERTRON. I CAN SEE IT SO CLEARLY: THAT BARRACKS, THAT BRIG...

...YOU AND ME, TRYING TO FIGURE WHO'D GONE FURTHEST UP THE CHAIN OF COMMAND IN TERMS OF WHO WE'D TICKED OFF AND HOW BAD.
AS I RECALL, YOU TRUMPED MY FIELD COMMANDER WITH A VICE ADMIRAL. YOU SHOT HIM IN THE BACK TO CONVINCE THE DULLARD HIS UNIT HAD BEEN OUTFLANKED AND A FORWARD ATTACK WAS THE ONLY OPTION. RIGHT THERE AND THEN...
...I KNEW WE SAW THINGS WITH THE EXACT SAME SIMPLE CLARITY.


REMEM—
BAAAH!
VAARK


OHH... FR—
TONE

THAWHOOOM!

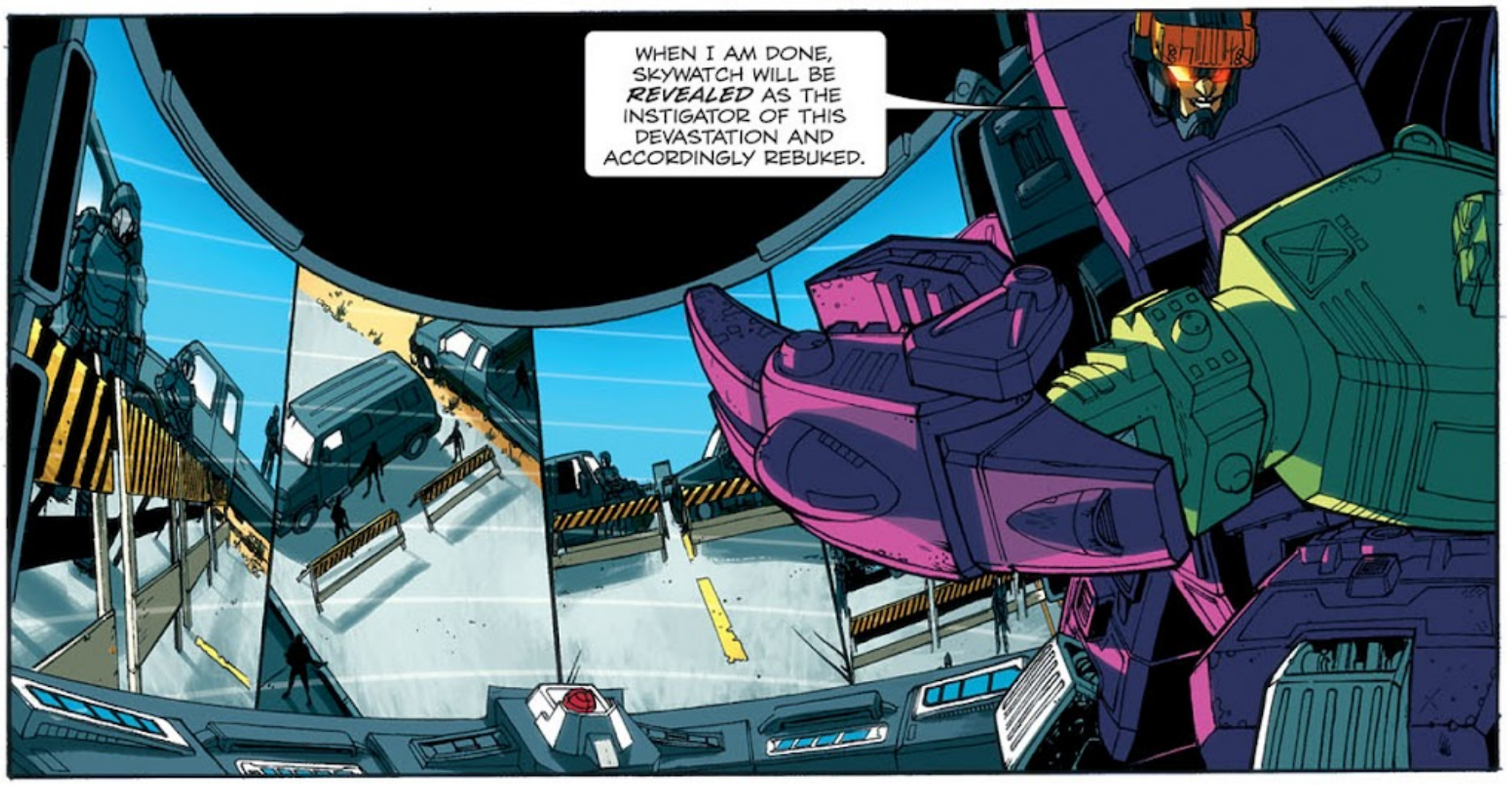
TELL ME WE CLEARED GRID 17-WEST!
FAR AS WE CAN TELL, CHIEF, BUT YOU KNOW HOW FOLKS HERE ARE. SOME OF 'EM WOULD SOONER AMPUTATE ONE'A THEIR OWN LIMBS WITH A NAIL FILE...

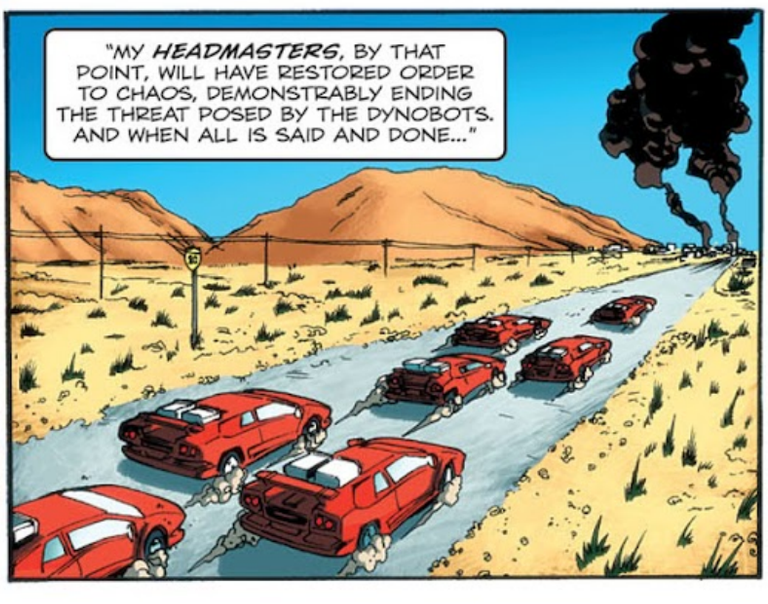
"...THAN *LEAVE* THEIR HOMES AND BUSINESSES!"

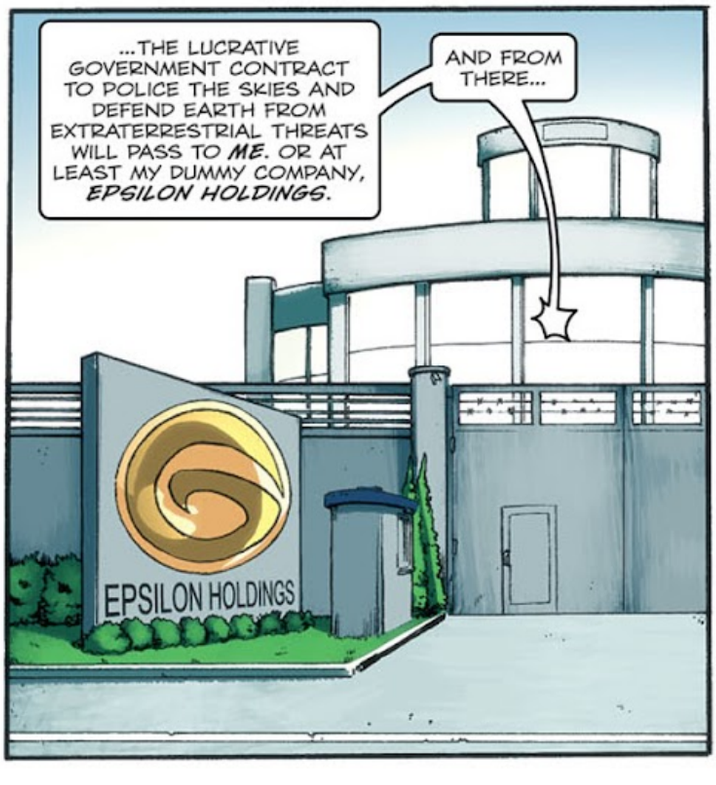
PERFECT. A VERITABLE CAULDRON! AND FROM SCORCHED EARTH SHALL COME A *NEW* ORDER.
DISAPPOINTED.

OH? HOW SO?
ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE MERCENARY AND CUTTHROAT, SCORPONOK, BUT A SADIST?
MM-HM.

YOU SEEK TO PROVOKE ME, PROMPT SOME UNGUARDED REVELATION. BUT THE THING IS, HOT ROD...
...I FULLY INTEND TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING.


WHEN I AM DONE, SKYWATCH WILL BE REVEALED AS THE INSTIGATOR OF THIS DEVASTATION AND ACCORDINGLY REBUKED.

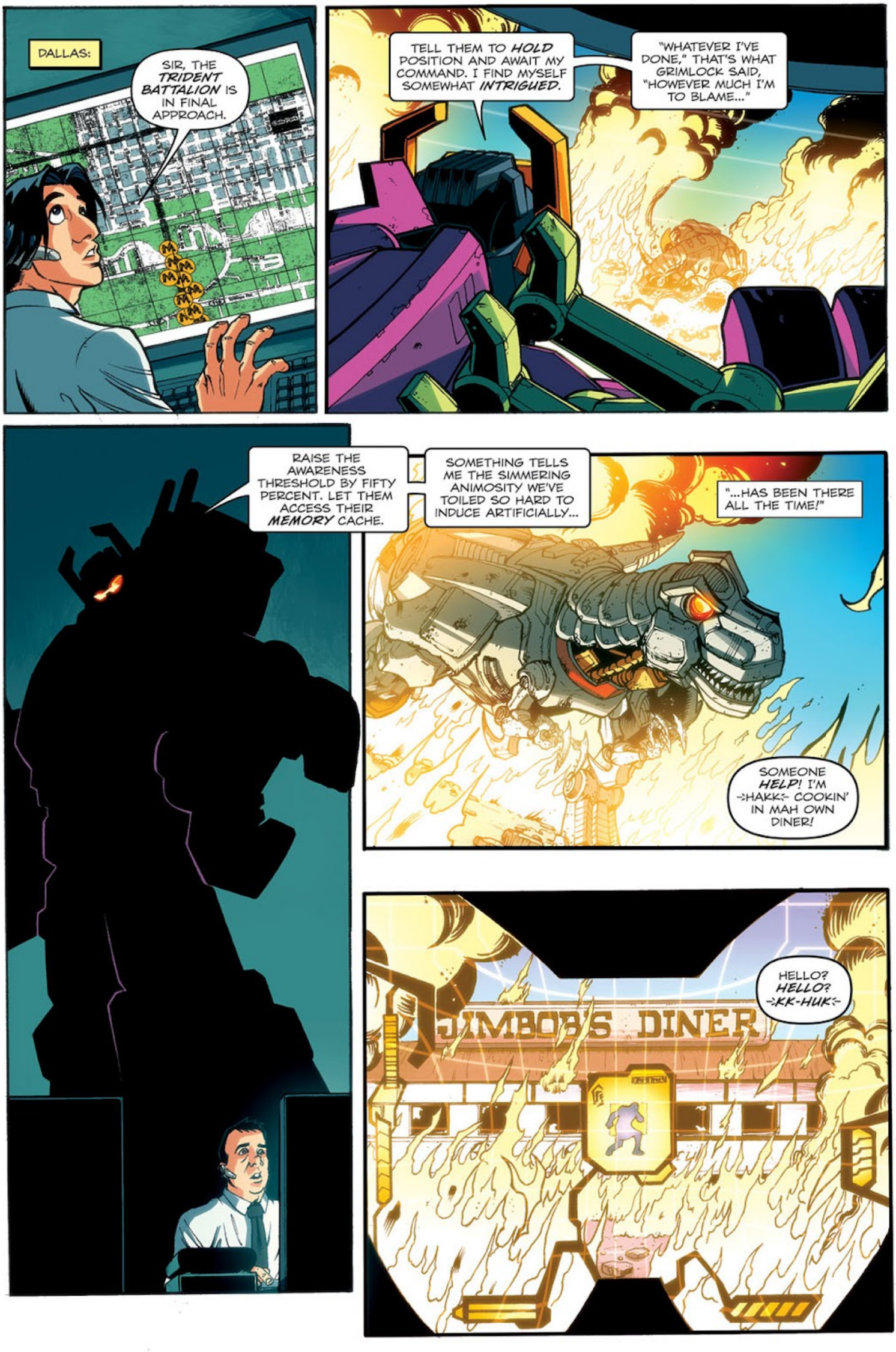

"MY HEADMASTERS, BY THAT POINT, WILL HAVE RESTORED ORDER TO CHAOS, DEMONSTRABLY ENDING THE THREAT POSED BY THE DYNOBOTS. AND WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE..."


...THE LUCRATIVE GOVERNMENT CONTRACT TO POLICE THE SKIES AND DEFEND EARTH FROM EXTRATERRESTRIAL THREATS WILL PASS TO ME. OR AT LEAST MY DUMMY COMPANY, EPSILON HOLDINGS.
AND FROM THERE...
EPSILON HOLDINGS

"...THE SKY IS WELL AND TRULY THE LIMIT."
NEW ZEALAND, SOUTH ISLAND (FRANZ JOSEF GLACIER):
SHUMMMM

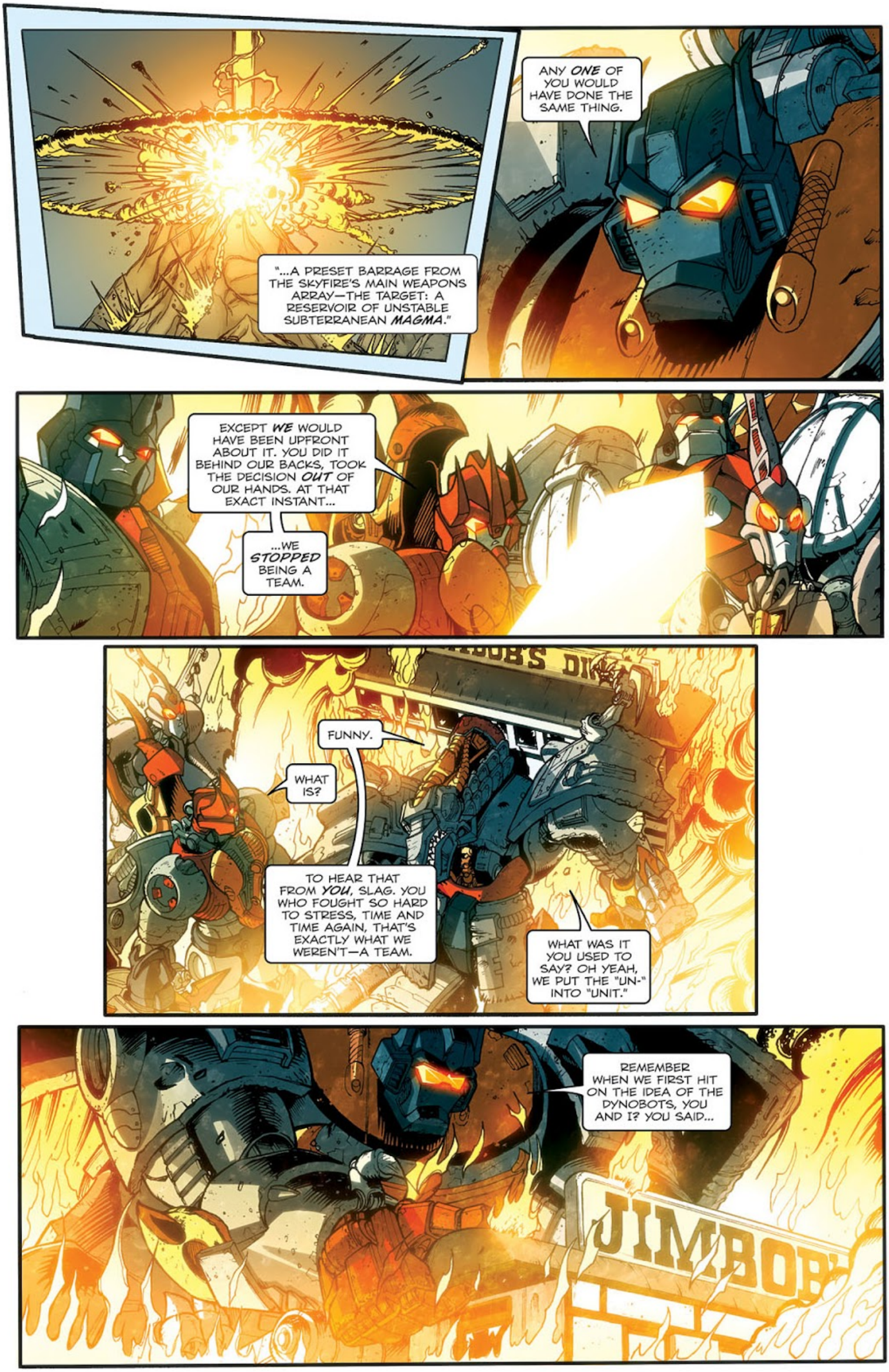
HE'S NOT HERE.
WHAT? HE MUST BE. THESE ARE THE EXACT COORDINATES. THAT'S THE SKYFIRE.
BUT NO GRIMLOCK.

WE'VE COME A LONG WAY AND I DO NOT INTEND TO LEAVE EMPTY-HANDED.
FIND HIM!


DALLAS:
SIR, THE *TRIDENT BATTALION* IS IN FINAL APPROACH.
TELL THEM TO *HOLD* POSITION AND AWAIT MY COMMAND. I FIND MYSELF SOMEWHAT *INTRIGUED*.
"WHATEVER I'VE DONE," THAT'S WHAT GRIMLOCK SAID, "HOWEVER MUCH I'M TO BLAME..."
RAISE THE AWARENESS THRESHOLD BY FIFTY PERCENT. LET THEM ACCESS THEIR *MEMORY* CACHE.
SOMETHING TELLS ME THE SIMMERING ANIMOSITY WE'VE TOILED SO HARD TO INDUCE ARTIFICIALLY...
"...HAS BEEN THERE ALL THE TIME!"
SOMEONE *HELP*! I'M -:HAKK:- COOKIN' IN MAH OWN DINER!
JIMBOB'S DINER
HELLO? *HELLO*? -:KK-HUK:-

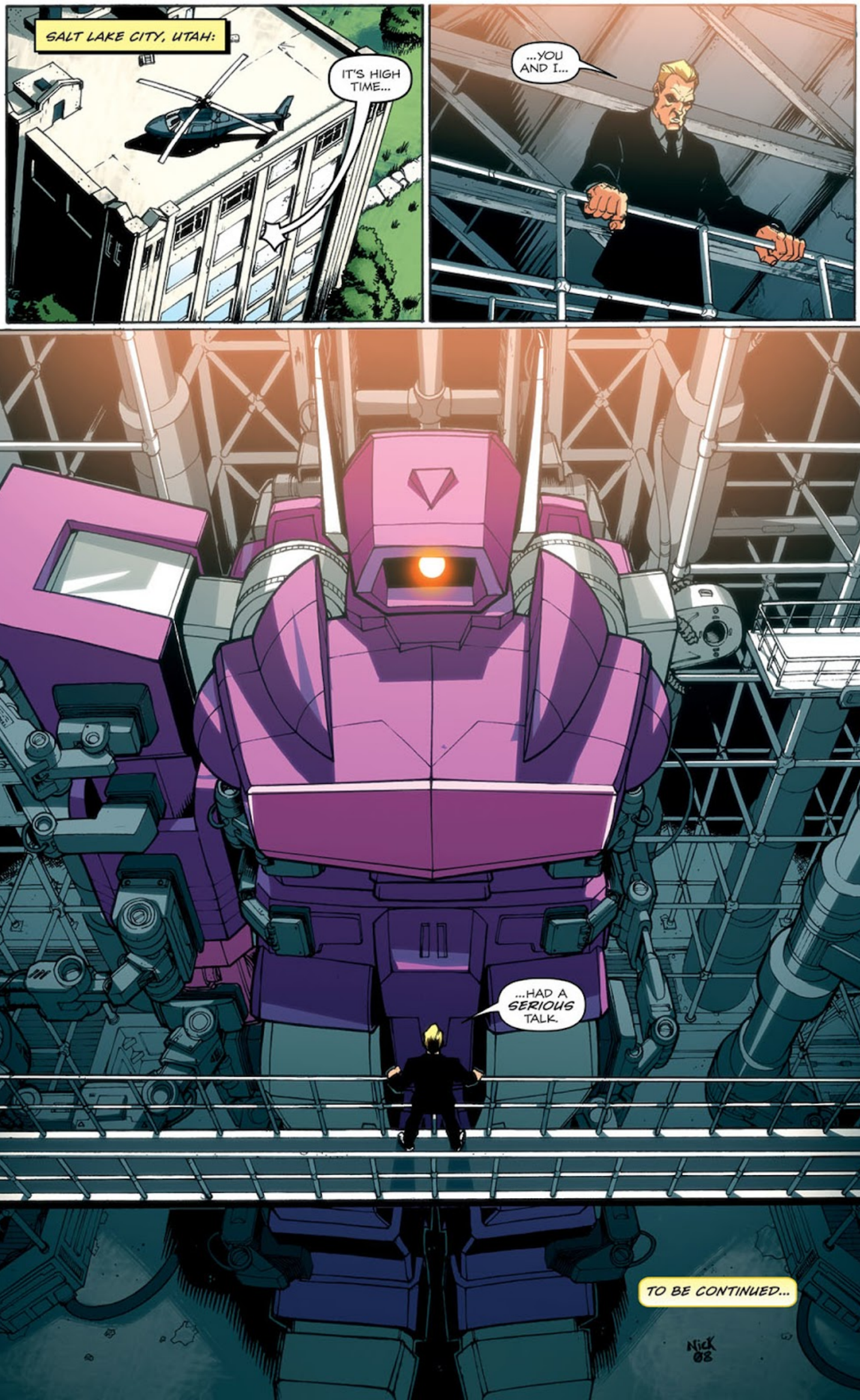
-:KHAAFH:-
FN.
DUMB ANIMALS.
DINER
FNORH!
WHAT DID YOU DO?
VZASP

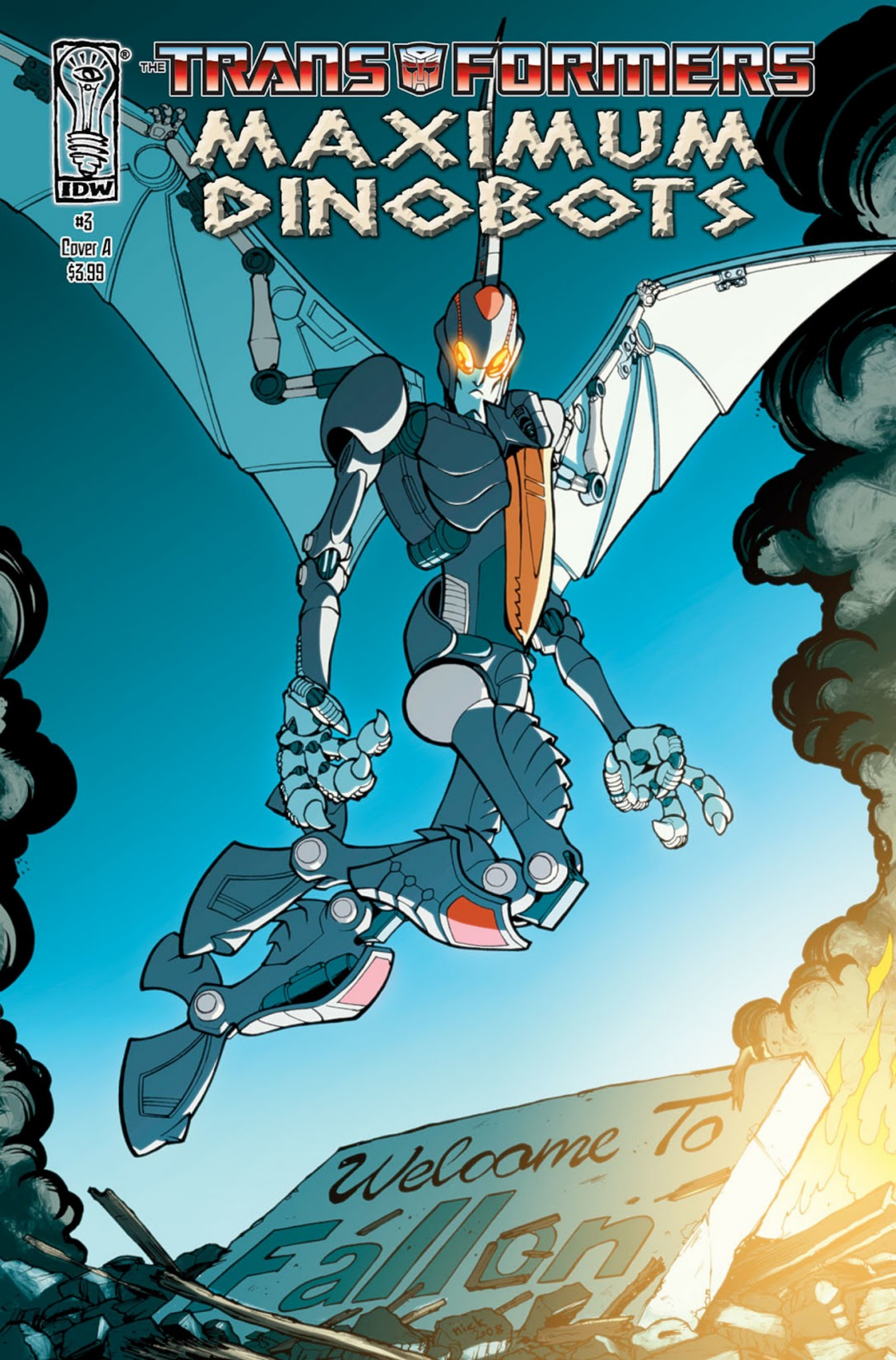
TO US?
YOUR FELLOW DYNOBOTS!
SO YOU REMEMBER.
WHAT DID I DO? I MADE SURE WE WON, AT ANY COST.
WE CAME TO THIS MISBEGOTTEN PLANET LOOKING FOR PAYBACK. THAT ONE-EYED FREAK SHOCKWAVE HAD IT COMING... BIG TIME! ONLY...
...IT DIDN'T QUITE WORK OUT THAT WAY.
"DOWNED, STASIS-LOCKED, BUT NEVER, EVER BEATEN. IN THIS CASE..."


"...A PRESET BARRAGE FROM THE SKYFIRE'S MAIN WEAPONS ARRAY—THE TARGET: A RESERVOIR OF UNSTABLE SUBTERRANEAN MAGMA."
ANY ONE OF YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING.
EXCEPT WE WOULD HAVE BEEN UPFRONT ABOUT IT. YOU DID IT BEHIND OUR BACKS, TOOK THE DECISION OUT OF OUR HANDS. AT THAT EXACT INSTANT...
...WE STOPPED BEING A TEAM.
FUNNY.
WHAT IS?
TO HEAR THAT FROM YOU, SLAG. YOU WHO FOUGHT SO HARD TO STRESS, TIME AND TIME AGAIN, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE WEREN'T—A TEAM.
WHAT WAS IT YOU USED TO SAY? OH YEAH, WE PUT THE "UN-" INTO "UNIT."
REMEMBER WHEN WE FIRST HIT ON THE IDEA OF THE DYNOBOTS, YOU AND I? YOU SAID...
JIMBOB

WRENNK
MBOB'S DINER
Rail-y Good Grub!
...THERE'S ONLY ONE RULE: THERE *ARE* NO RULES!
NO CONVENTIONS, NO PRECEDENTS, NO COMPANY LINE. WHAT I *DID*, IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, WAS SO COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY "US."
NOW IF YOU'LL *EXCUSE* ME...
...I FEEL CURIOUSLY *OBLIGATED* TO PUT THIS LACKLUSTER LIFEFORM OUT OF HARM'S WAY.
OH WELL. YOU WIN SOME. YOU LOSE SOME.
SEND IN THE HEADMASTERS!
HEY—*STOP!* STOP OR WE'LL—

FHADAMM


SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH:
IT'S HIGH TIME...
...YOU AND I...
...HAD A SERIOUS TALK.
TO BE CONTINUED...
NICK 08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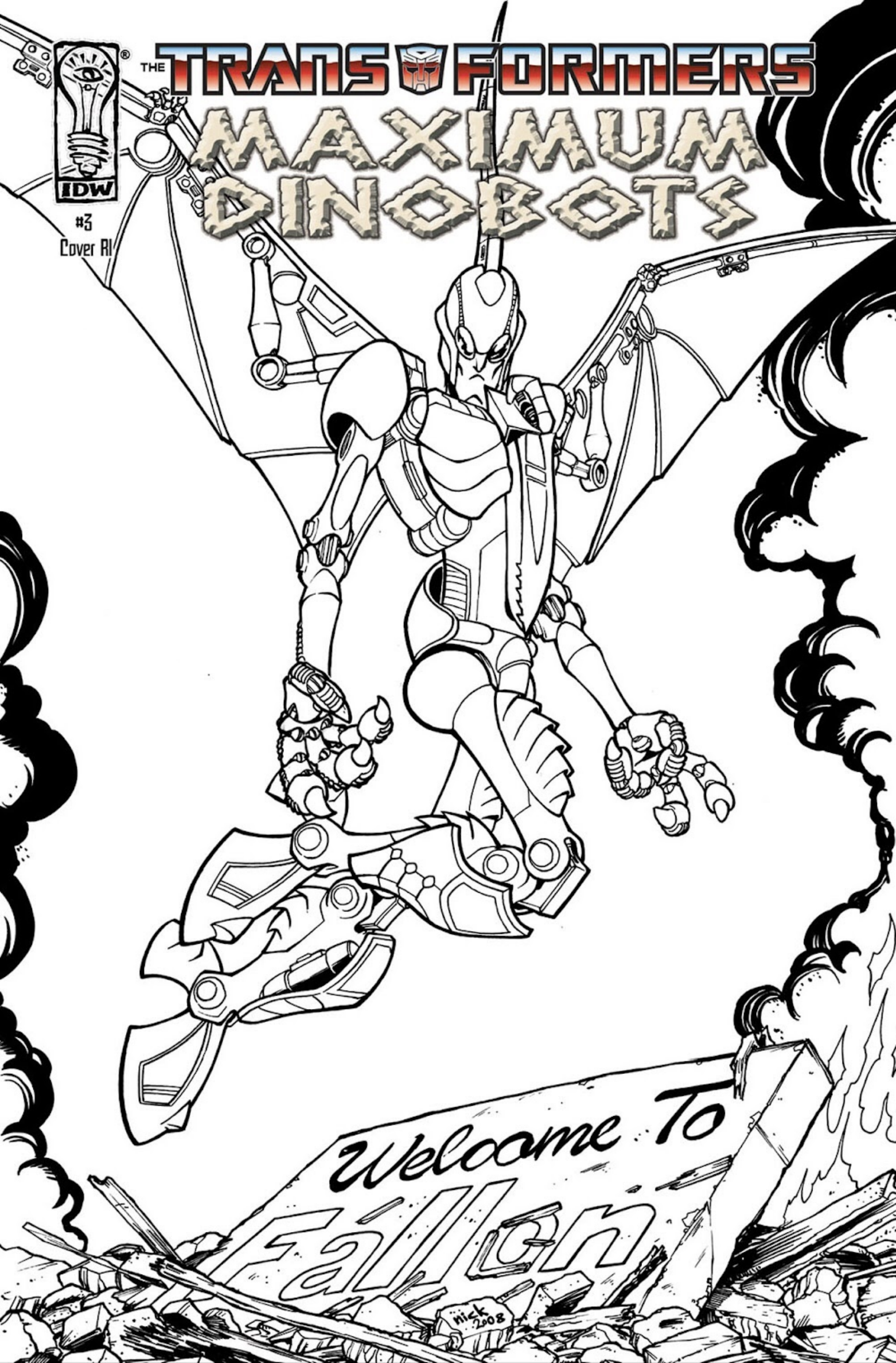
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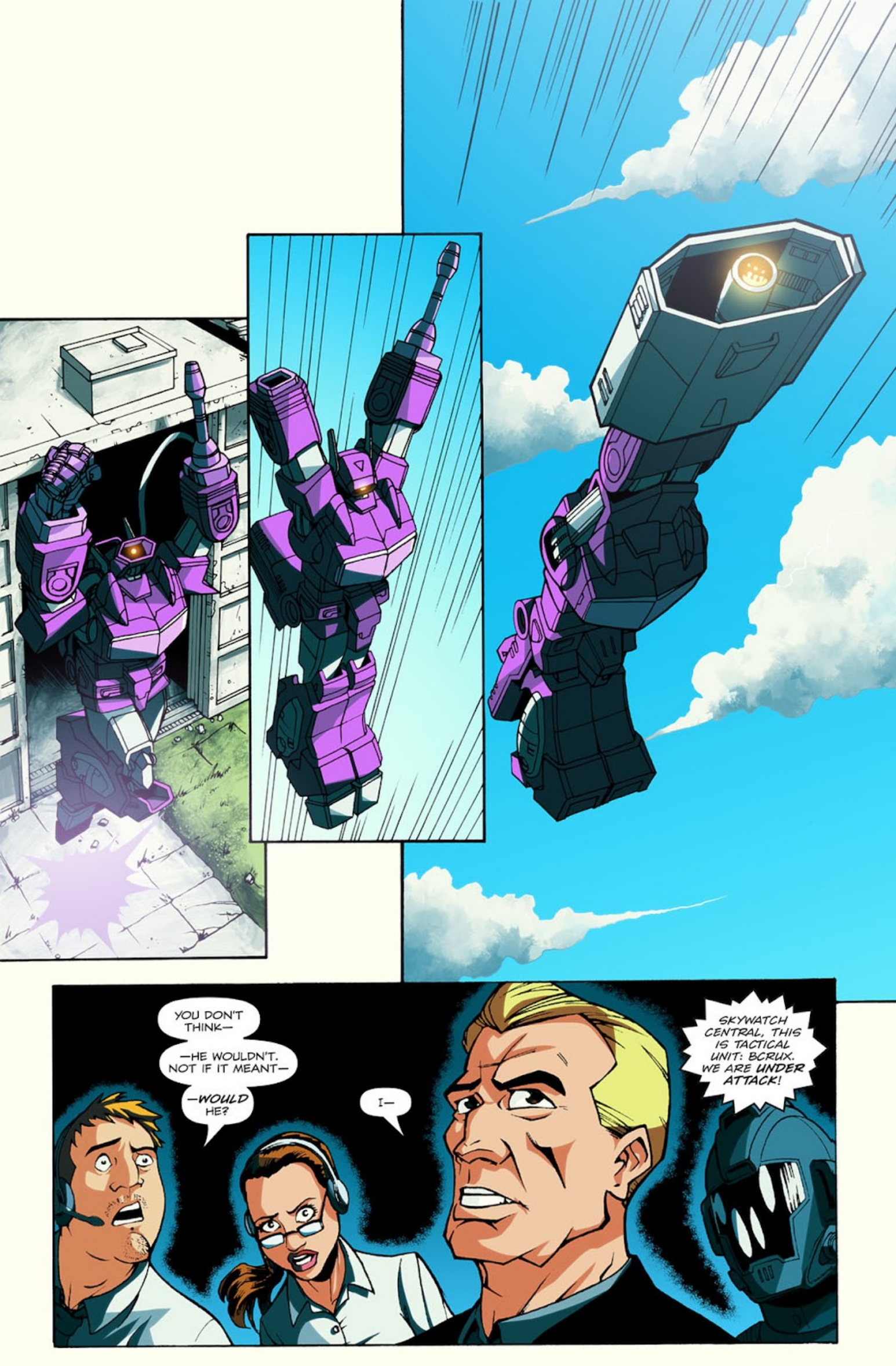
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH:
SKYWATCH CONTAINMENT FACILITY:
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO YOU, SHOCKWAVE?
OF COURSE.
YOU HAVE INTERSPLICED A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE CHARGE WITHIN MY NEURAL MASS, DESIGNED TO DETONATE AFTER TWENTY-FOUR OF YOUR TIME-UNITS (HOURS) HAVE ELAPSED UNLESS A RESET CODE, KNOWN ONLY TO YOU, IS TRANSMITTED.

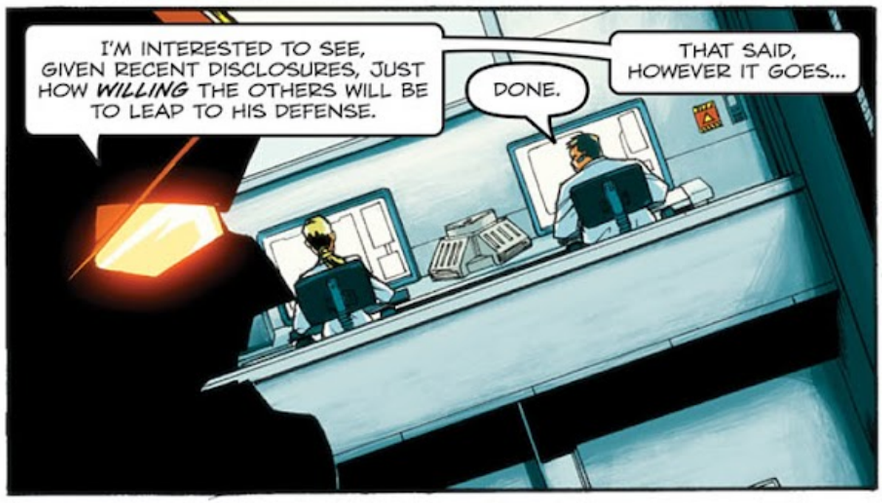
YOU DO THIS BECAUSE YOUR PREVIOUS ATTEMPTS TO LEASH OTHER BEINGS LIKE MYSELF HAVE MET WITH DISMAL AND REPEATED FAILURE.
AND YOU WISH ME TO CLEAN UP YOUR MESS.
EXACTLY.
YOU HAVE THE FIRST TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR WINDOW TO LOCATE AND NEUTRALIZE SEEKERS 1 AND 2 AND THUNDER-LIZARDS 1 TO 5.
RAVAGE. LASERBEAK.
GRIMLOCK, SNARL, SWOOP, SLUDGE, AND SLAG.
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. AGENT RED, DO YOU HAVE ANY CONCEPTION...
...OF HOW MUCH DAMAGE I COULD DO TO THIS INSUBSTANTIAL WORLD IN THAT TIME?


YOU DON'T THINK—
—HE WOULDN'T. NOT IF IT MEANT—
—WOULD HE?
I—
SKYWATCH CENTRAL, THIS IS TACTICAL UNIT: BCRUX. WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!

FALLON, NEVADA:
MULTIPLE VEHICULAR ASSAILANTS... ALL *IDENTICAL*! WE—
VHOMP
-:EHT:-
—CAN'T STOP THEM!

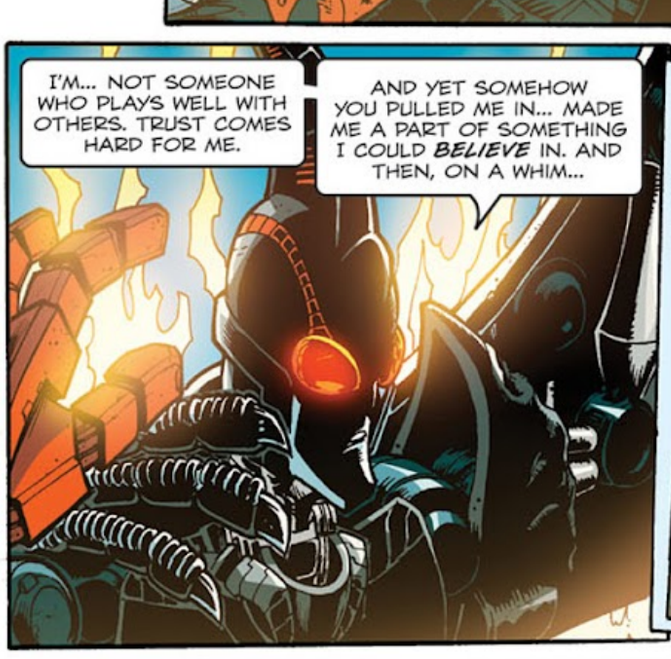
"SIR, JUST IN FROM OUR ON-SITE OBSERVERS. ALL **HEADMASTER** BATTALIONS HAVE PENETRATED FALLON CITY LIMITS."

DALLAS, TEXAS (*MACHINATION* HUB):
YES. SO I SEE. CONVERGE ON GRID T-LATERAL-6.
HAVE THEM TARGET *GRIMLOCK* ALONE.

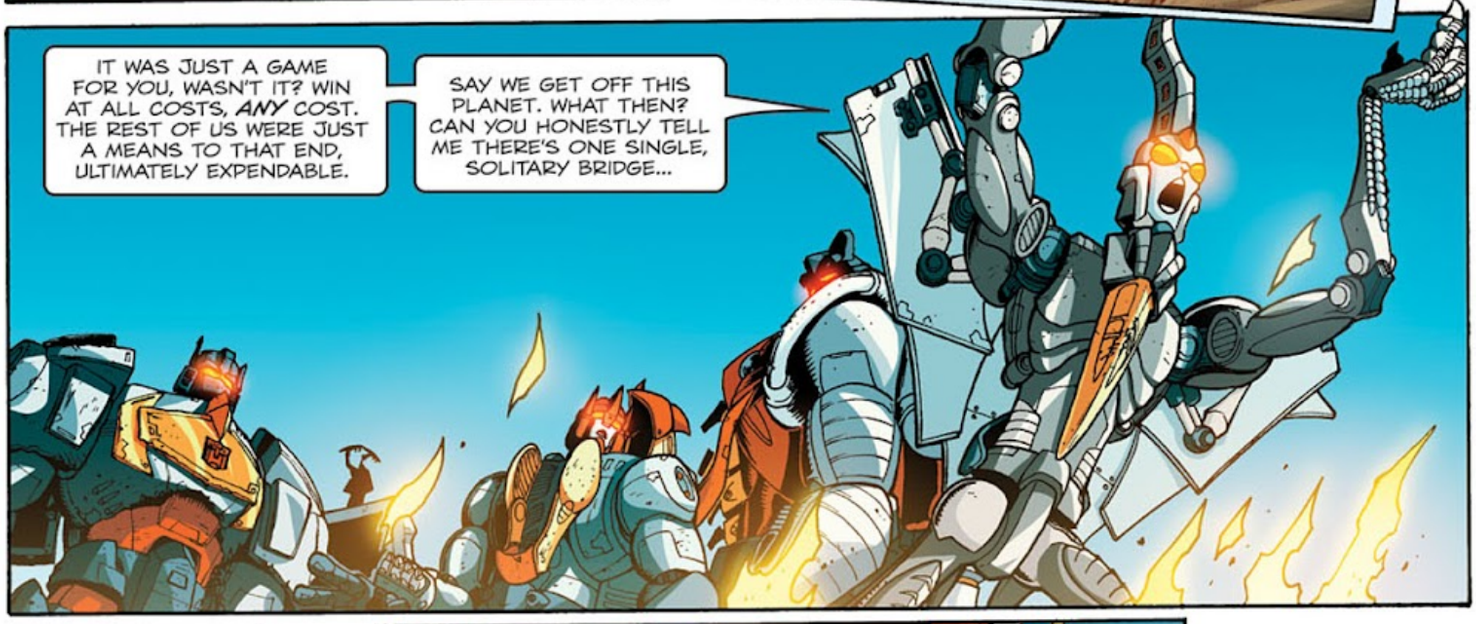

I'M INTERESTED TO SEE, GIVEN RECENT DISCLOSURES, JUST HOW **WILLING** THE OTHERS WILL BE TO LEAP TO HIS DEFENSE.
DONE.
THAT SAID, HOWEVER IT GOES...

"...NO ONE GETS OUT ALIVE."
WE HAVE TO GET OFF THIS PLANET.
FALLON (GRID T-LATERAL-6):
THE SKYFIRE IS INTACT BUT BADLY DAMAGED, IN NEED OF PARTS AND EXPERTISE I DON'T HAVE.
AT LEAST... NOT YET.
UNTIL THEN, WE NEED TO FIND SOMEWHERE TO LAY LOW, TAKE STOCK.
THE HUMANS WILL BE BACK WITH BIGGER WEAPONS. AND SCORPONOK, WELL, HE'S NOT DONE WITH ME... US... YET.
WELL? YOU JUST GOING TO STAND THERE?
SNARL...
...SLUDGE...
...SLAG...
...SWOOP...
...TALK TO ME.
TIME WAS, GRIMLOCK...
...YOU TALKED AND WE LISTENED.
BUT THAT'S CHANGED. EVERYTHING'S DIFFERENT NOW—A WHOLE NEW WORLD.

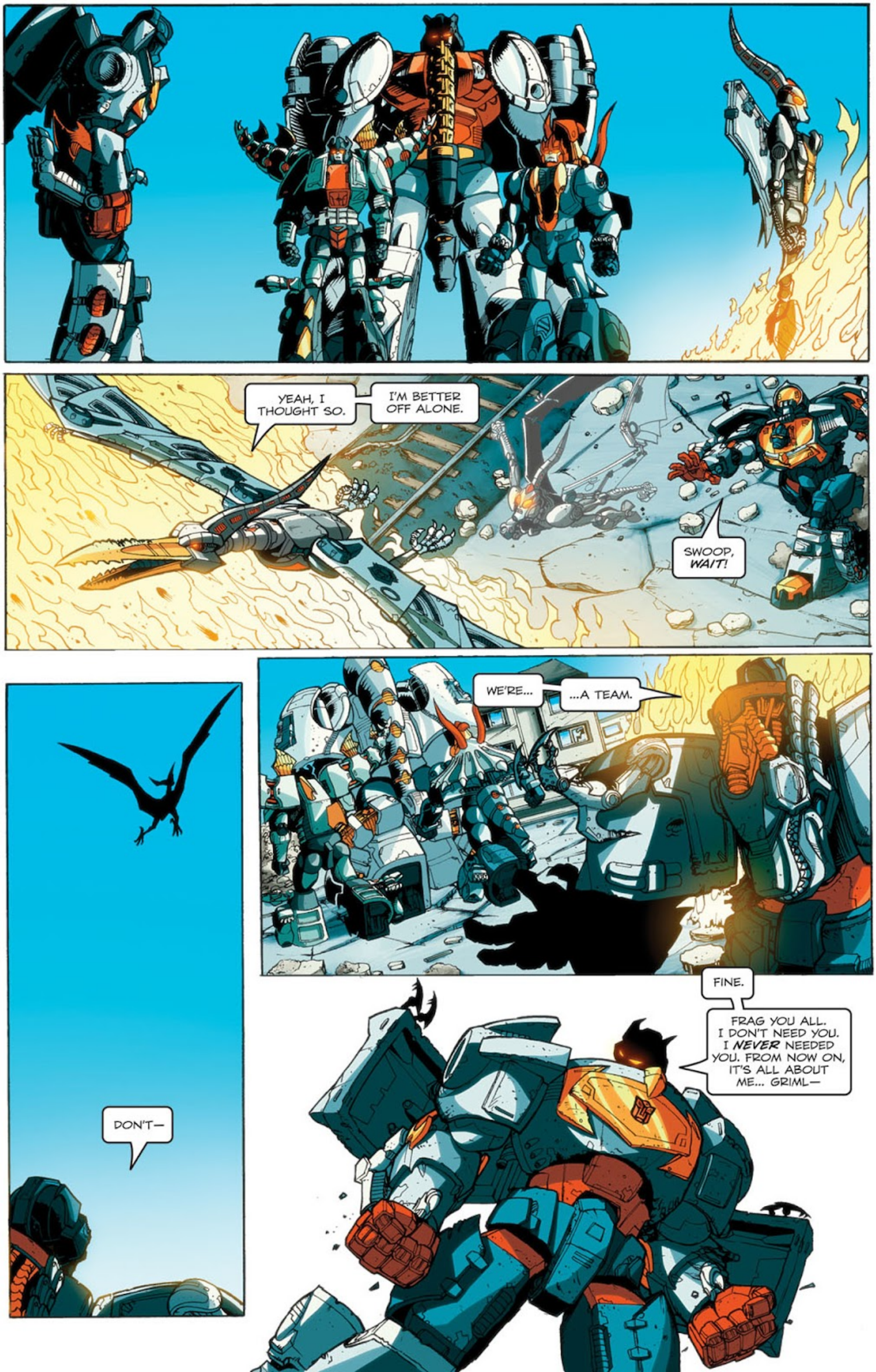
IT'S *US*, SWOOP, AGAINST THE WORLD. SAME AS ALWAYS!
NO.
I CAN'T SPEAK FOR THE OTHERS, BUT I CAN'T FORGIVE OR FORGET WHAT YOU DID—HOWEVER MUCH IT MIGHT BE IN KEEPING WITH THE GENERAL ANARCHIC ETHOS OF BEING A *DYNOBOT*.


I'M... NOT SOMEONE WHO PLAYS WELL WITH OTHERS. TRUST COMES HARD FOR ME.
AND YET SOMEHOW YOU PULLED ME IN... MADE ME A PART OF SOMETHING I COULD *BELIEVE* IN. AND THEN, ON A WHIM...

"...YOU BLEW IT ALL APART."


IT WAS JUST A GAME FOR YOU, WASN'T IT? WIN AT ALL COSTS, *ANY* COST. THE REST OF US WERE JUST A MEANS TO THAT END, ULTIMATELY EXPENDABLE.
SAY WE GET OFF THIS PLANET. WHAT THEN? CAN YOU HONESTLY TELL ME THERE'S ONE SINGLE, SOLITARY BRIDGE...

...THAT HASN'T BEEN *BURNED*!


YEAH, I THOUGHT SO.
I'M BETTER OFF ALONE.
SWOOP, WAIT!
WE'RE...
...A TEAM.
DON'T—
FINE.
FRAG YOU ALL. I DON'T NEED YOU. I NEVER NEEDED YOU. FROM NOW ON, IT'S ALL ABOUT ME... GRIML—

—OHK!
THR-D-D-D-DOW
Y—Y—
—YOU LOT.
BACK FOR MORE, EH?
BACK TO FINISH...
...WHAT WE STARTED.

GOOD. I'M IN THE MOOD...
...TO EVISCERATE EN MASSE!

DALLAS:
SO...
...YOUR HEADMASTERS SAVE THE DAY, SKYWATCH IS EXPOSED AND DISCREDITED, AND YOUR DUMMY COMPANY, *EPSILON HOLDINGS* PICKS UP THE GOVERNMENT CONTRACT TO POLICE THE SKIES.

ALL SOUNDS RATHER... MUNDANE.
THE HOSTILE TAKEOVER IS MERELY THE FIRST STAGE OF MY STRATEGY, *HOT ROD.* AS WELL YOU KNOW!

FROM HERE... I SHALL INTEGRATE MYSELF INTO THE SECRET POWER STRUCTURE OF THIS NATION AND THEN OTHERS. BEFORE THEY KNOW IT...
...I WILL BE STEERING THE ENTIRE COURSE OF PLANET EARTH.

AND SO THE *MACHINATION EMPIRE* WILL RISE!

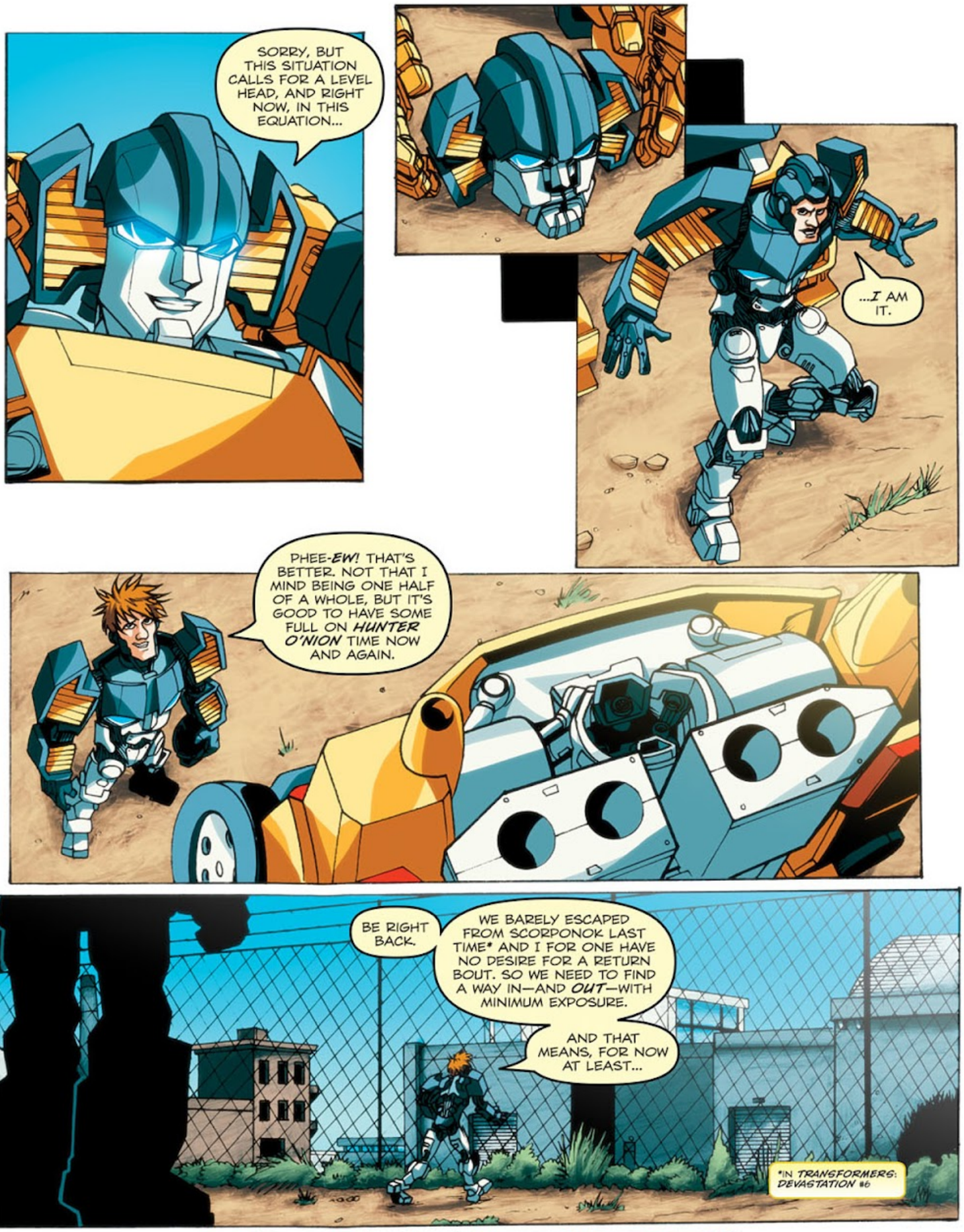
I WOULD CAUTION YOU, HOT ROD, TO MAINTAIN A DEGREE OF *AWE* IN ANY FUTURE VOCALIZATIONS. FOR WHEN YOU CEASE TO BE IMPRESSED...
...YOU CEASE TO *BE.*

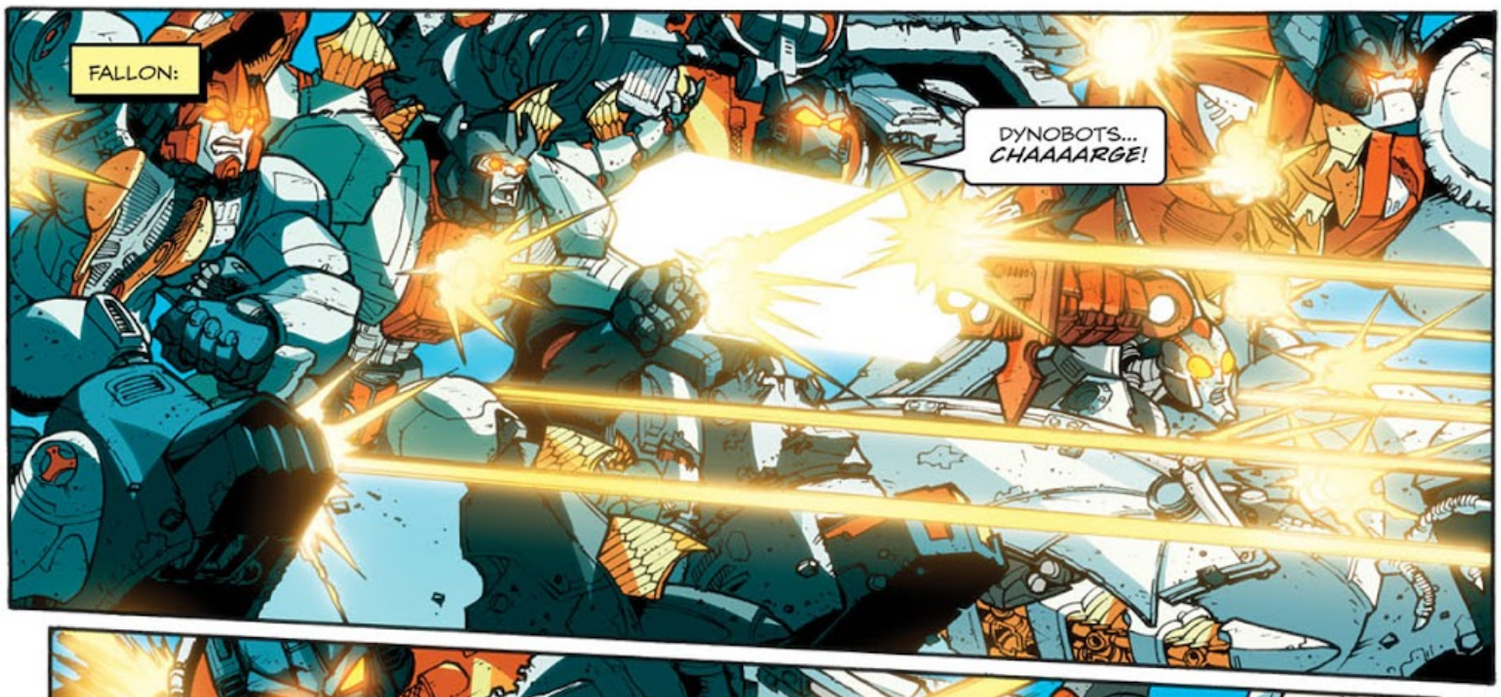
FALLON:
SKRRKT
THWOFT
VAPP
VAPP
VAPP
VAPP
VAPP
CHRAWKK
GRR... NAWWR
SERIOUSLY... DID YOU THINK WE'D JUST STAND THERE AND LET YOU- WHATEVER YOU ARE-TAKE OUT THE BIG "G"?

ALL YOU'VE DONE IS REMIND US THAT, DEEP DOWN...
KASHOK
...FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE...
SHUNK
...WE'RE DYNOBOTS!
SWOOP!
VT-TT-TOOM
YOU CAME BACK.
HN. WHERE WOULD I GO?
JUST... JUST UNDERSTAND. WHATEVER HAPPENS NEXT WILL BE ON MY TERMS.
ER...

...I THINK I CAN GUESS WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.
EXECUTE.

THE I-20, DALLAS:
THERE IT IS.
IT'S BIG, SUNSTREAKER, BIGGER THAN ANYTHING WE'VE SEEN IN OUR COUNTRYWIDE TOUR OF SUSPECTED MACHINATION PLANTS AND FACILITIES.
ONE THING'S FOR SURE...
...WE NEED A PLAN.
HEY! WHAT'S THIS? WHERE ARE WE GOING?
HUNTER!
NO NEED TO SHOUT, SUNSTREAKER. I MEAN—WE SHARE THE SAME HEAD!
YOU'RE ALL FIRED UP, I GET THAT, YOU WANT YOUR HEAD BACK—YOUR REAL HEAD—BUT WE CAN'T JUST ROLL IN THERE AND START SHOOTING AT THINGS. SO I...
...AM CALLING A TIME OUT.


SORRY, BUT THIS SITUATION CALLS FOR A LEVEL HEAD, AND RIGHT NOW, IN THIS EQUATION...
...I AM IT.
PHEE-EW! THAT'S BETTER. NOT THAT I MIND BEING ONE HALF OF A WHOLE, BUT IT'S GOOD TO HAVE SOME FULL ON HUNTER O'NION TIME NOW AND AGAIN.
BE RIGHT BACK.
WE BARELY ESCAPED FROM SCORPONOK LAST TIME* AND I FOR ONE HAVE NO DESIRE FOR A RETURN BOUT. SO WE NEED TO FIND A WAY IN—AND OUT—WITH MINIMUM EXPOSURE.
AND THAT MEANS, FOR NOW AT LEAST...
*IN TRANSFORMERS: DEVASTATION #6
...WE WATCH.
AND WAIT.


FALLON:
DYNOBOTS... CHAAAARGE!

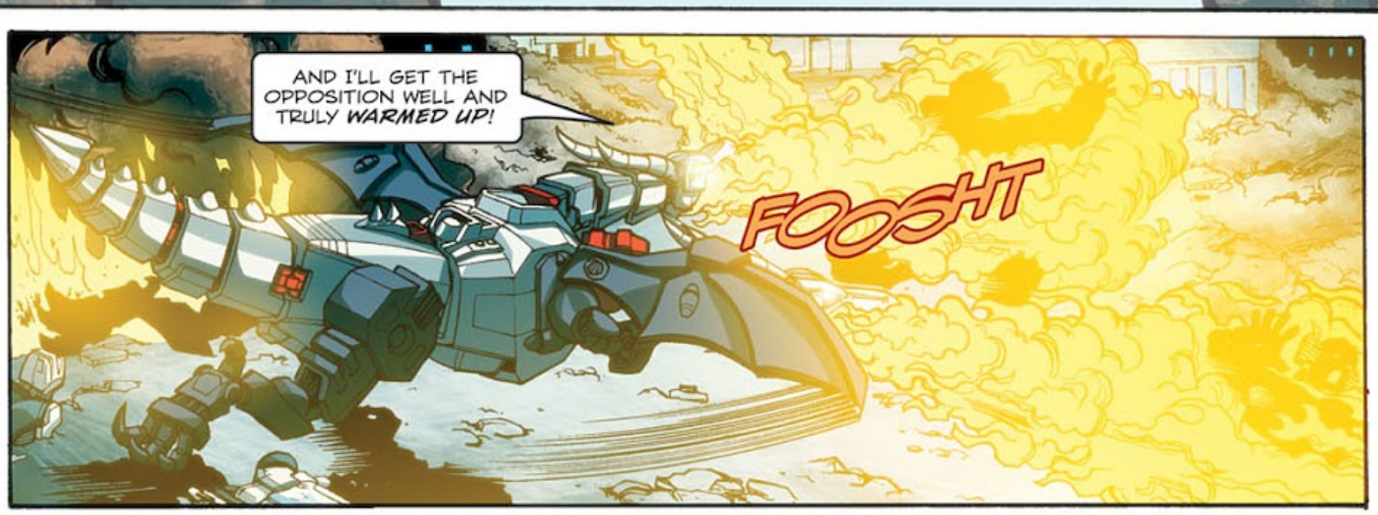
I WAS WRONG, GRIMLOCK. BETTER IN BATTLE WITH WARRIOR BROTHERS THAN IN QUIET SOLITUDE.

I PULLED US TOGETHER FOR ALL THE WRONG REASONS. BUT AT LEAST WE'RE TOGETHER...

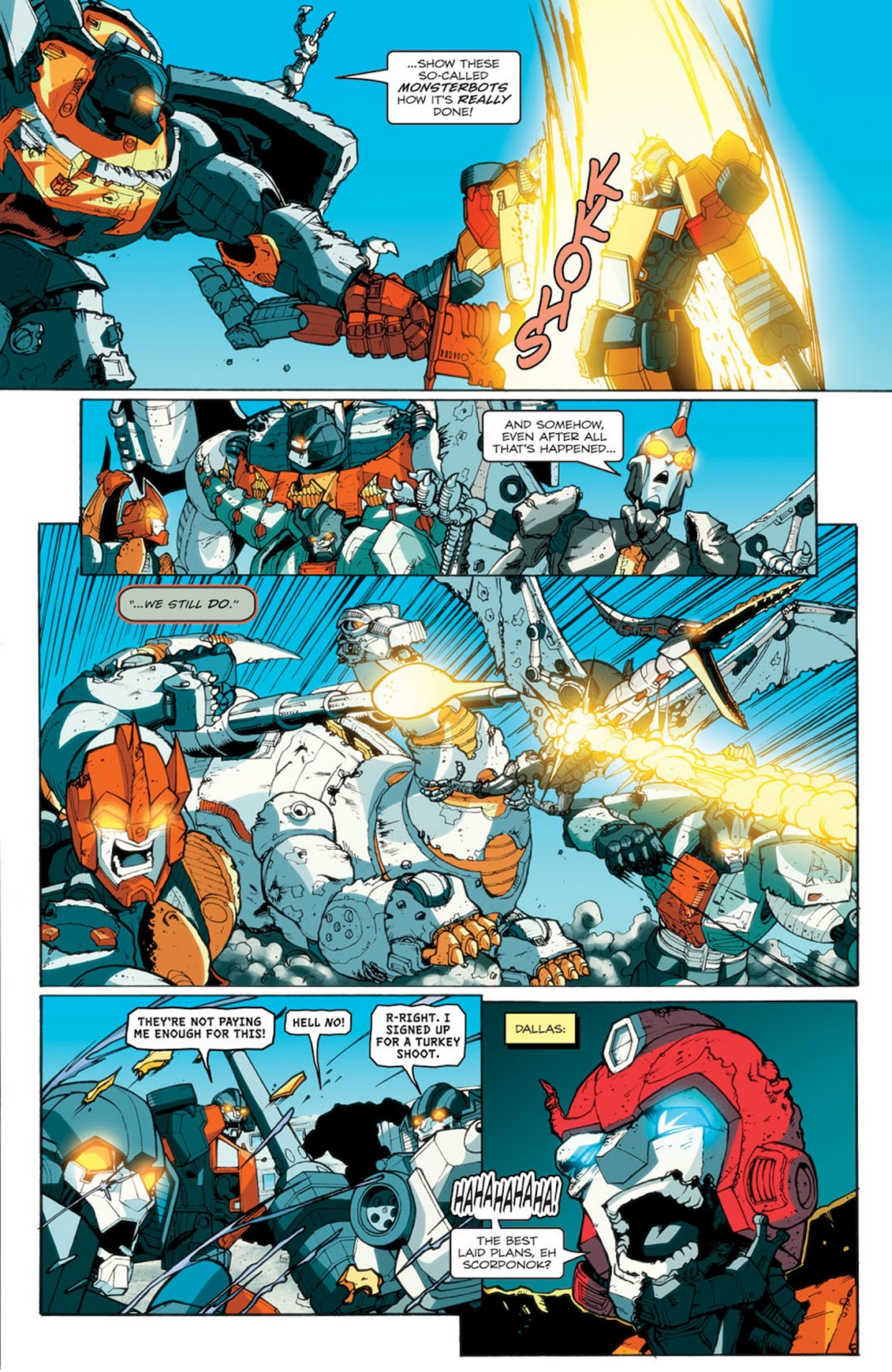
...ONE LAST TIME.

VT-TOOOOM
WHO—?
VT-TOOOOM
OH. ABOUT TIME!
GRIMLOCK?
THOSE "PARTS," THAT "EXPERTISE." TELL ME YOU *DIDN'T*!
DESPERATE TIMES, SLAG...

"...CALL FOR DESPERATE ALLIES!"
DOUBLECROSS, GROTUSQUE—SHOW THESE CYBERTRONIAN WANNABES HOW REAL IT GETS! THINGS...
...ARE ABOUT TO GET UGLY!
FOR YOU, REPUGNUS, I'LL SKIP RIGHT TO THE PUNCH LINE.


AND I'LL GET THE OPPOSITION WELL AND TRULY WARMED UP!
FOOSHT

ALL I'LL SAY, GRIMLOCK, IS WHATEVER IT IS YOU'VE GOT FOR US...
...IT'D BETTER BE GOOD!
YEAH. IT'S NOT LIKE WE DO THIS STUFF FOR FUN!
OKAY, WE DO, BUT THERE'S A PRINCIPLE HERE, YOU UNDERSTAND.
RAKT
GNESH
WHAT HE SAID. JUST 'CAUSE WE'RE OUTCASTS, LIKE YOU...
...DOESN'T MAKE US A SOFT TOUCH!
CRRIIT
PERFECT END TO A PERFECT DAY. WE CAN'T EVEN DIE RIGHT.
YOU JUST GOING TO STAND THERE GRIZZLING, SNARL, OR ARE YOU GOING TO GET STUCK IN?
WHAT DID HE MEAN, "OUTCASTS"?
ENOUGH! DYNOBOTS...


...SHOW THESE SO-CALLED MONSTERBOTS HOW IT'S REALLY DONE!
SHOK
AND SOMEHOW, EVEN AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED...
"...WE STILL DO."
THEY'RE NOT PAYING ME ENOUGH FOR THIS!
HELL NO!
R-RIGHT. I SIGNED UP FOR A TURKEY SHOOT.
DALLAS:
HAHAHAHAHA!
THE BEST LAID PLANS, EH SCORPONOK?

THOSE DYNOBOTS! LAST GROUP IN ALL CREATION ANYONE'D HANG A STRATEGY ON! EXCEPT *YOU*... APPARENTLY.
YOU TWO, TAKE HIM OUT...
...AND HAVE HIM *SHOT*.
GENIUS! *GENIUS*! HA-HAHAHA!
HE'S LOST IT.
HA.
HA.
AFTER THE BEATING THE BOSS METED OUT, ARE YOU SURPRISED?
THIS'LL BE A MERCY KILLING.
IS IT ME OR IS IT GETTING HOT IN HERE?
HA.
WHAT THE FR—
FHWOMP

KK-HH. FLAME OUT DID THE JOB, BUT...
...=UHH= I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE FAST. NOT ON THIS LEG.
CAN'T CHANGE. INTERNAL COMM. UNIT'S BEEN DISABLED. AND IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE SCORPONOK GETS WISE TO WHAT I JUST DID. FACE IT, HOT ROD...
"...YOU NEED A MIRACLE!"
PORTLAND, OREGON:
SIGNAL CARRIER CODE CONFIRMED. IDENTITY/SOURCE...
...SOUNDWAVE.
JAMES ROBERTS
KNEEDEEP IN THE HOOPLA
MARCUS BENTAR
TO BE CONTINUED...

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THE TRANSFORMERS
#4
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$3.99
MAXIMUM DINOBOTS

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#4
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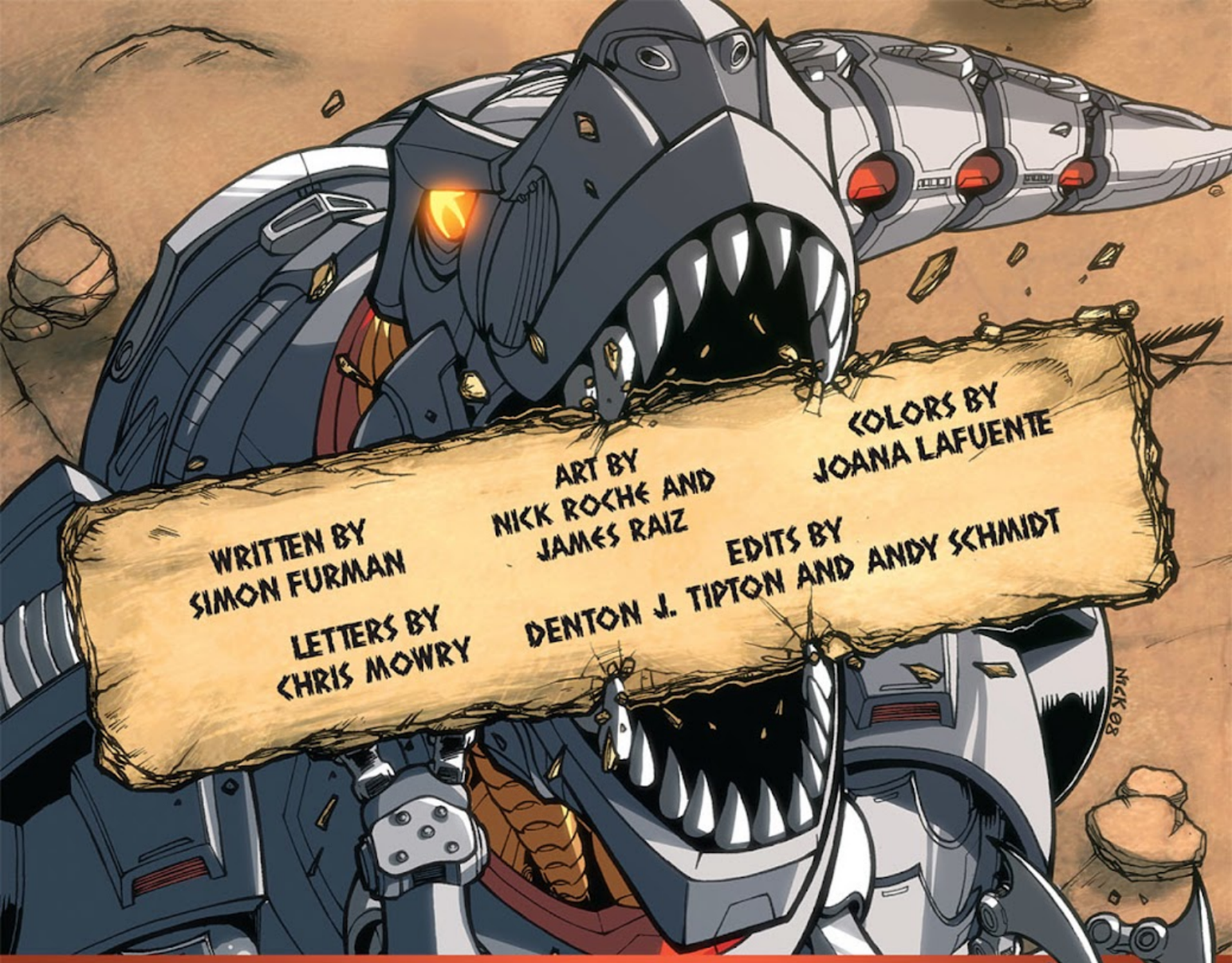

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Colors by: Joana Lafuente

COVER B
Art & Colors: Marcelo Matere
Color Assist: Priscilla Tramontano

THE STORY SO FAR:

Though SCORPONOK's plan to destroy the Dynobots (GRIMLOCK, SLUDGE, SWOOP, SNARL, and SLAG) and discredit alien defense agency Skywatch has floundered, largely due to the unexpected intervention—in battle-torn Fallon, Nevada—of the Monsterbots (REPUGNUS, DOUBLECROSS, and GROTUSQUE), his Machination/Headmaster empire remains poised to rise and conquer all. But—intent on regaining his true head—SUNSTREAKER has other ideas, and—as the injured HOT ROD bids to escape the Machination's Dallas compound—he prepares to break in. Meanwhile, SHOCKWAVE seeks the assistance of an old comrade-in-arms…

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25 YEARS 1984-2009

Special thanks to Hasbro's Aaron Archer, Michael Kelly, Amie Lozanski, Val Roca, Ed Lane, Michael Provost, Erin Hillman, Samantha Lomow, and Michael Verrecchia for their invaluable assistance.

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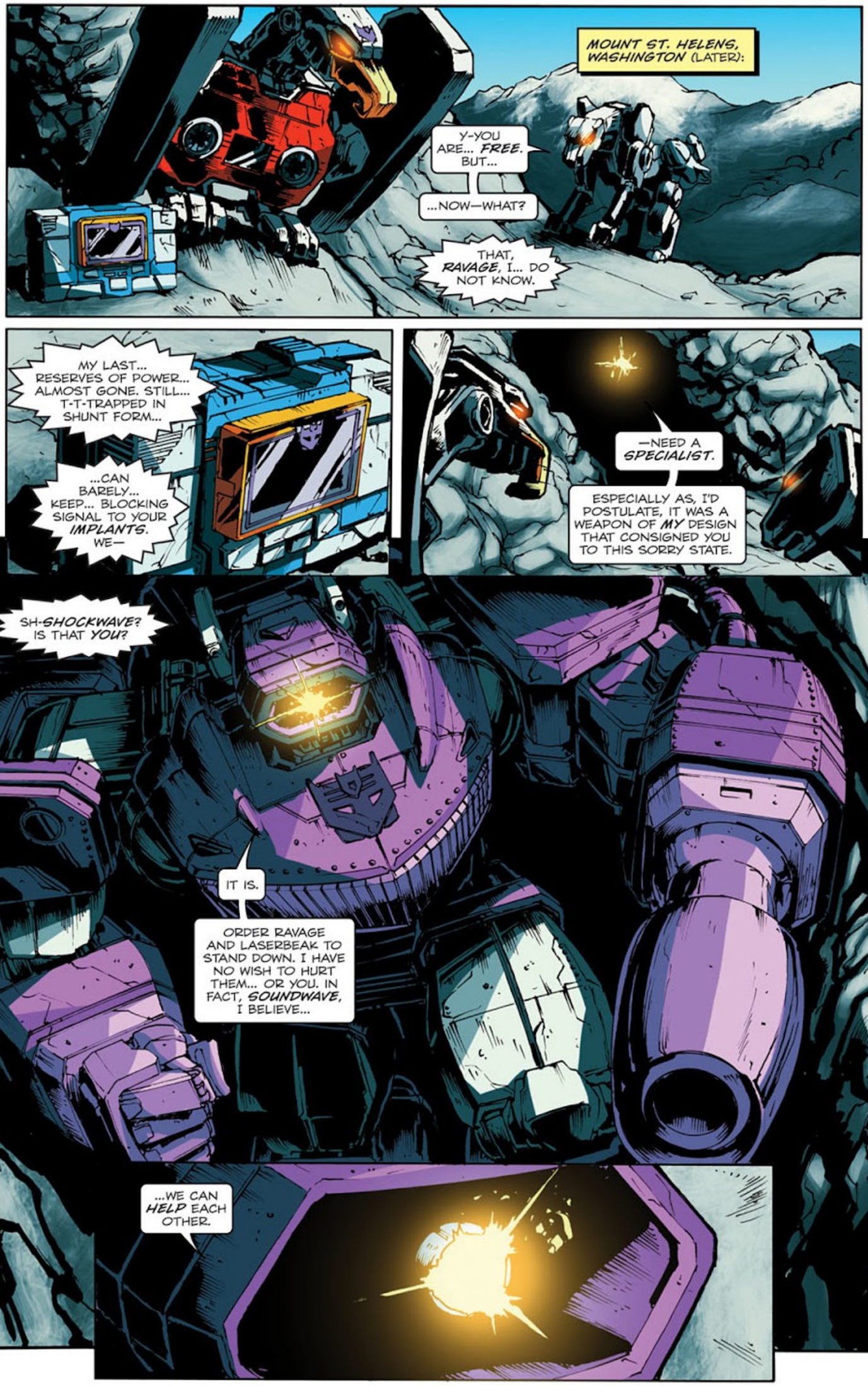
PORTLAND, OREGON:
SKRAASH
HUMAN! Y-YOU... HAVE...
...SOMETHING W-WE WANT...
HOLEE—

L-LASERBEAK...
...APP-ROPRIATE!

ZZWOOF

JIMMY!
JIMMY!
WOW.


MOUNT ST. HELENS, WASHINGTON (LATER):
Y-YOU ARE... FREE. BUT...
...NOW—WHAT?
THAT, RAVAGE, I... DO NOT KNOW.
MY LAST... RESERVES OF POWER... ALMOST GONE. STILL... T-T-TRAPPED IN SHUNT FORM...
...CAN BARELY... KEEP... BLOCKING SIGNAL TO YOUR IMPLANTS. WE—
—NEED A SPECIALIST.
ESPECIALLY AS, I'D POSTULATE, IT WAS A WEAPON OF MY DESIGN THAT CONSIGNED YOU TO THIS SORRY STATE.
SH-SHOCKWAVE? IS THAT YOU?
IT IS.
ORDER RAVAGE AND LASERBEAK TO STAND DOWN. I HAVE NO WISH TO HURT THEM... OR YOU. IN FACT, SOUNDWAVE, I BELIEVE...
...WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER.

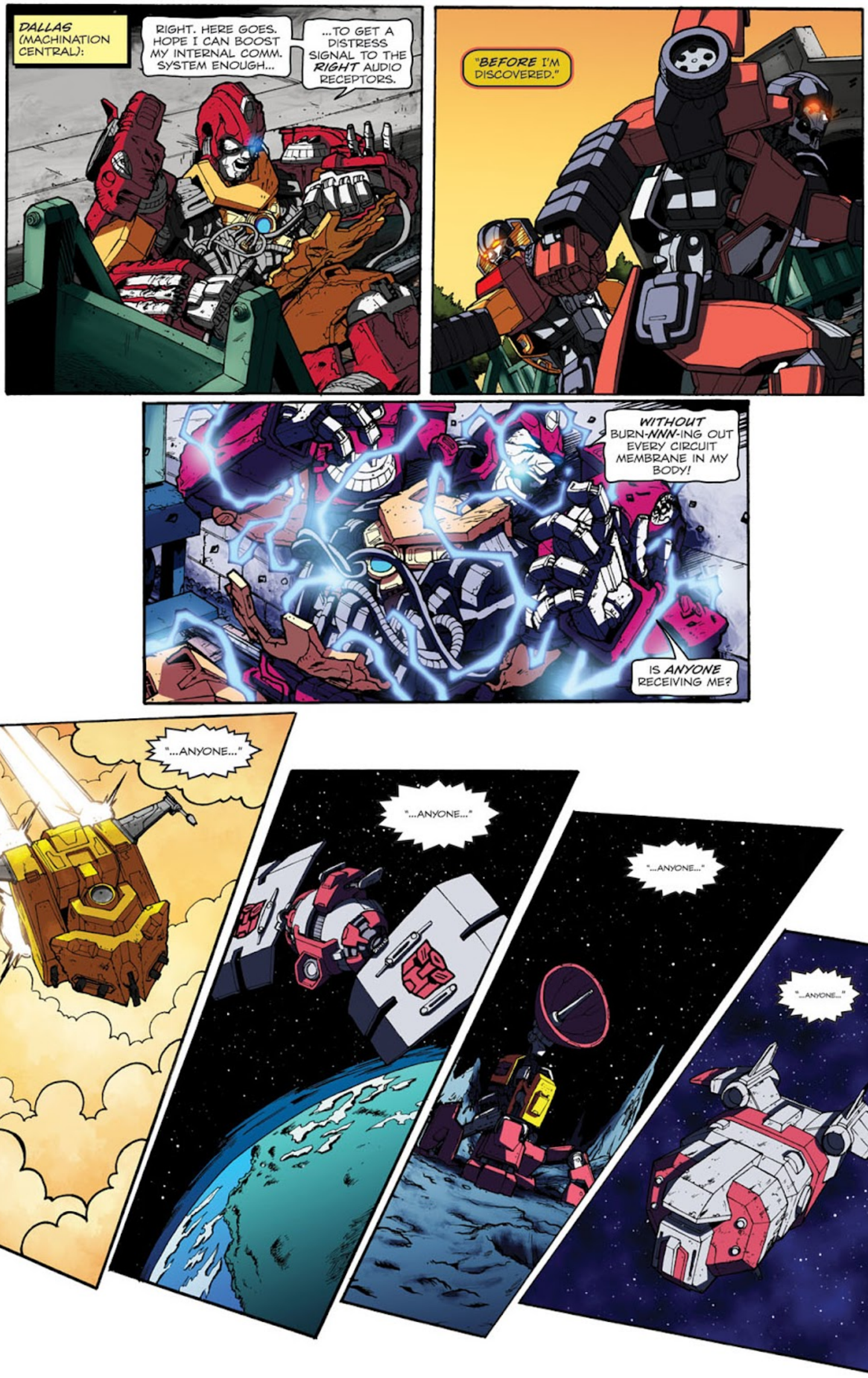
DALLAS, TEXAS:
EHN...
UHN...
NEED A HAND?
OR... MAYBE A FOOT?!
WH—?
NO!
RELAX, HOT ROD...
...I'M THE REAL DEAL.
WELL, MORE OR LESS.
VZAT
VZAT
ANYWAY, THANKS. YOU'VE GIVEN ME THE OPENING I WAS LOOKING FOR.
FIND YOURSELF SOMEWHERE TO HOLE UP. I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU ONCE I... EH?
WAIT.
YOU CAN'T DO THIS ALONE. IT'S NOT JUST SCORPONOK—HE'S GOT AN ARMY IN THERE!
I KNOW. THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT. ONCE I'M IN... IT'S A CASE OF LOST IN A CROWD.
DAMMIT. LISTEN TO ME, SUNSTREAKER. WE NEED HELP... HEAVY-HITTERS.

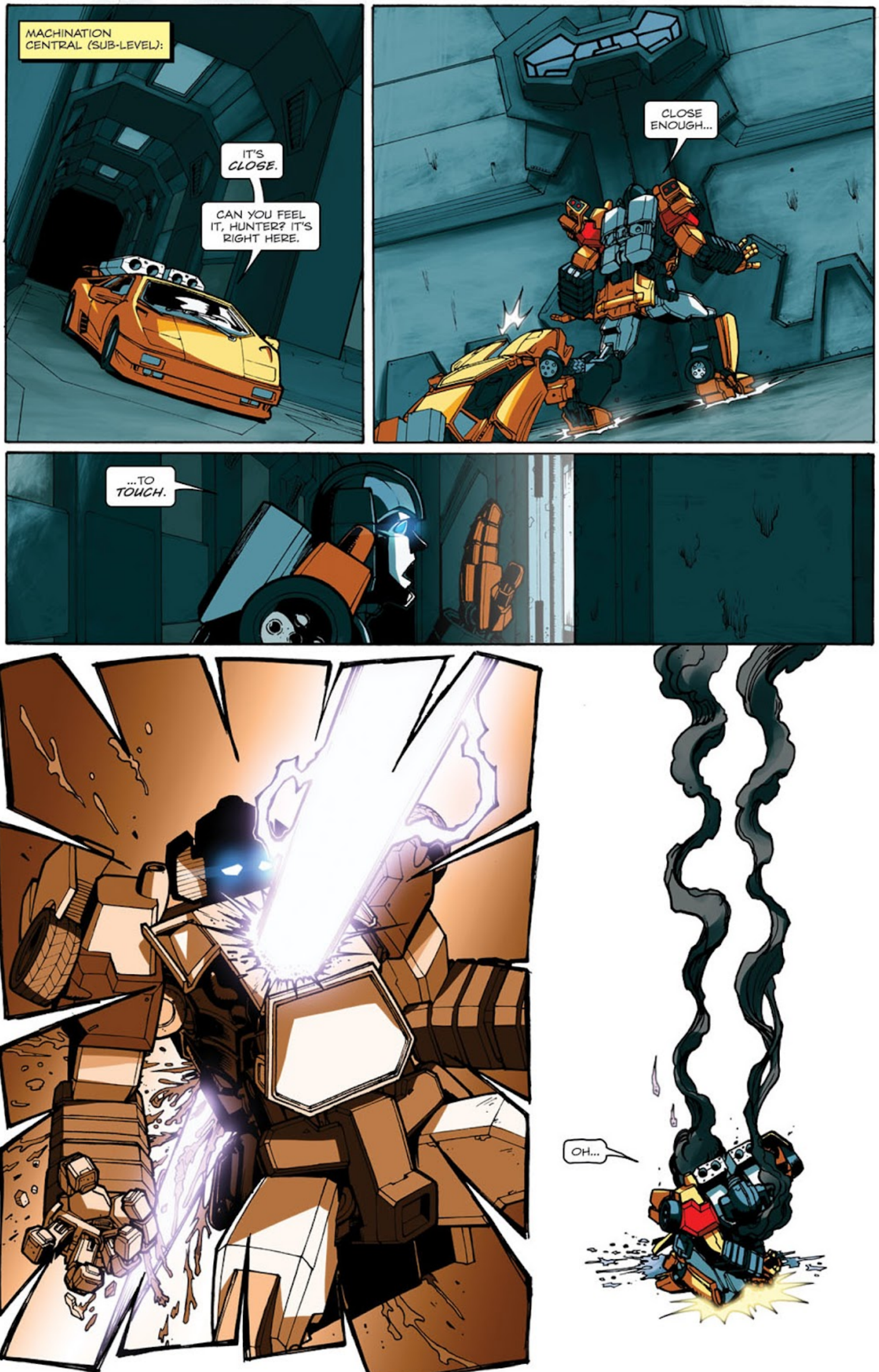
FINE. WHATEVER. CALL IN THE CAVALRY.
BUT—HERE, NOW—I'M GOING TO FIND MY HEAD. MY *REAL* HEAD!
THAT *ARROGANT, IGNORANT, INSUFFERABLE...*
AH. WHAT'S THE POINT?
WE *NEED* MUSCLE—RAW, POTENT, PILEDRIVING POWER.
AND I KNOW JUST WHERE TO *GET* IT.
I KNOW, I *KNOW*. OLD HABITS AND ALL THAT!
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, *HUNTER*, I'VE HAD *ENOUGH* OF WAITING, *ENOUGH* OF CAUTION.
EACH MOMENT I DELAY, MY MIND IS PILLAGED AND PULLED IN A *HUNDRED* DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS AT ONCE, AND, WELL...
...A LITTLE BIT MORE OF ME *DIES*.

60,000 FEET ABOVE NORTHEASTERN NEBRASKA:
OKAY. GIVE!
HAND OVER WHATEVER YOU THOUGHT MERITED OUR LONG TREK TO THIS BLEAK ROCK... OH, AND PARTICIPATION IN A BATTLE NOT OF OUR INSTIGATION, DURING WHICH—LET'S FACE IT—WE HAULED YOUR SAD, SORRY DYNOBOT DERRIERES OUT OF THE FIRE!
GRIMLOCK, GRIMLOCK...
...THIS STRONG, SILENT ROUTINE IS NOT ENCOURAGING.
WHAT CAN I SAY? YOU'LL GET WHAT I PROMISED YOU, REPUGNUS, JUST... NOT YET.
OH, NOW SEE, YOU GOT TO DO BETTER THAN THAT. ME, I'M WILLING TO TAKE A LOT ON TRUST, BUT DOUBLECROSS AND GROTUSQUE HERE...
...THEY LACK MY FINER, INTUITIVE INSTINCTS. WHICH IS TO SAY...
...THEY MAY JUST RIP YOUR HEAD OFF AND SEE WHAT THEY CAN TIP OUT.
TRUTH IS WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE GOT.
JUST... EVERYTHING THAT WAS IN SHOCKWAVE'S ONBOARD DATA-CACHE BEFORE WE BLEW HIS SHIP OUT OF THE SKY!

O-KAAY. THAT'S CERTAINLY A STEP IN THE DIRECTION OF RECOMPENSE. DATA'S ENCODED, RIGHT?
—I'M GUESSING SOMEONE WITH YOUR, AH, CONNECTIONS COULD GET IT DECODED, FIND OUT WHAT SHOCKWAVE WAS DOING ON EARTH IN THE FIRST PLACE...
...AND WHY THIS PLANET ONCE HAD STRATOSPHERICALLY HIGH LEVELS OF ENERGON.
RIGHT. BUT—
—UF—
WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT IN THERE?
DON'T CARE, SLUDGE. HAVIN' DEALINGS WITH THESE THREE IS SO WRONG ON SO MANY LEVELS, THE DETAILS ARE MOSTLY IRRELEVANT.
YEAH, SWOOP. IT'S ANOTHER SURE SIGN...
...OF JUST HOW FAR WE'VE FALLEN.
SNARL?

"WE'RE OUTCASTS, LIKE YOU." THAT'S WHAT REPUGNUS SAID, VERBATIM. "LIKE YOU."
GRIMLOCK'S BEEN PRETTY CAGEY ABOUT OUR OFFICIAL STATUS, WHICH MAKES ME THINK OUR ORIGINAL OP—ALL THAT TIME AGO—WASN'T AS OFFICIALLY SANCTIONED AS WE WERE TOLD.
WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME.
TRUE, BUT MUCH AS I ENJOY BUSTIN' 'CON HEADS, EVERYTHING I DID WAS SO ONE DAY I COULD GO BACK TO THE SIMPLE LIFE I ONCE LED. BUT, SEE, I GOT A BAD FEELIN'...
...THERE AIN'T NO GOIN' BACK. NOT EVER.
SORTED. WE HAVE OURSELVES AN EXTENSION OF THIS ALLIANCE.
WE'LL HAVE THE SKYFIRE UP AND RUNNING IN NO TIME, AND WHATEVER ONGOING THREAT SCORPONOK MIGHT HAVE POSED WILL SOON BE NULL AND—
—WHAT?


DALLAS (MACHINATION CENTRAL):
RIGHT. HERE GOES. HOPE I CAN BOOST MY INTERNAL COMM. SYSTEM ENOUGH...
...TO GET A DISTRESS SIGNAL TO THE RIGHT AUDIO RECEPTORS.
"BEFORE I'M DISCOVERED."
WITHOUT BURN-NNN-ING OUT EVERY CIRCUIT MEMBRANE IN MY BODY!
IS ANYONE RECEIVING ME?
"...ANYONE..."
"...ANYONE..."
"...ANYONE..."
"...ANYONE..."


MACHINATION CENTRAL (SUB-LEVEL):
IT'S CLOSE.
CAN YOU FEEL IT, HUNTER? IT'S RIGHT HERE.
CLOSE ENOUGH...
...TO TOUCH.
OH...

THERE. DID YOU THINK I WOULDN'T KNOW THE *MOMENT* YOU SET FOOT IN MY LAIR? EVERY ONE OF MY *HEADMASTERS* BEARS ITS OWN, UNIQUE RECOGNITION STAMP.

TRULY, YOUR *HUBRIS* KNOWS NO LIMIT.

YOU'RE JUST ONE MORE LOOSE END...

...TIED... UP...

...NO!

NO!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HIDE, HUMAN?
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU'LL LAST...
...ALONE... IN TERRIBLE, UNSPEAKABLE PAIN... NURSING A HOLE IN THE VERY FABRIC OF WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A SOUL?
LET IT END—NOW.
I PROMISE YOU, IT WILL ALL BE OVER... BEFORE YOU EVEN KNOW IT!
VRRIP
LORD SCORPONOK...
...WE HAVE A PROBLEM.
WHAT? WHAT COULD BE SO PRESSING, DRAKE, THAT YOU CANNOT SIMPLY DEAL WITH IT?
A CYBERTRONIAN VESSEL HAS JUST APPEARED ON OUR LONG-RANGE SCANNERS...
"...INBOUND AND CLOSING FAST!"

ACTIVATE ALL GROUND DEFENSES, WHEN THEY'RE IN RANGE...
"...FIRE AT WILL!"
ALL HEADMASTER UNITS RETURN TO INNER COMPOUND IMMEDIATELY. DEFENSIVE MODEL: SYMMETRY-ZERO-FIVE.
NOW. LET'S JUST HOPE...

"...THIS ISN'T ANOTHER EPIC/HEROIC TILT."
TELL ME AGAIN, GRIMLOCK...

...WHY EVEN BOTHER ABOUT SCORPONOK? WHATEVER HE'S UP TO HERE... I PLAINLY DON'T CARE!
YEAH. IT'S NOT OUR FIGHT. JUST GIVE 'PUG 'N' HIS THUGS WHATEVER YOU PROMISED THEM, AND WE CAN BE AWAY AND GONE.

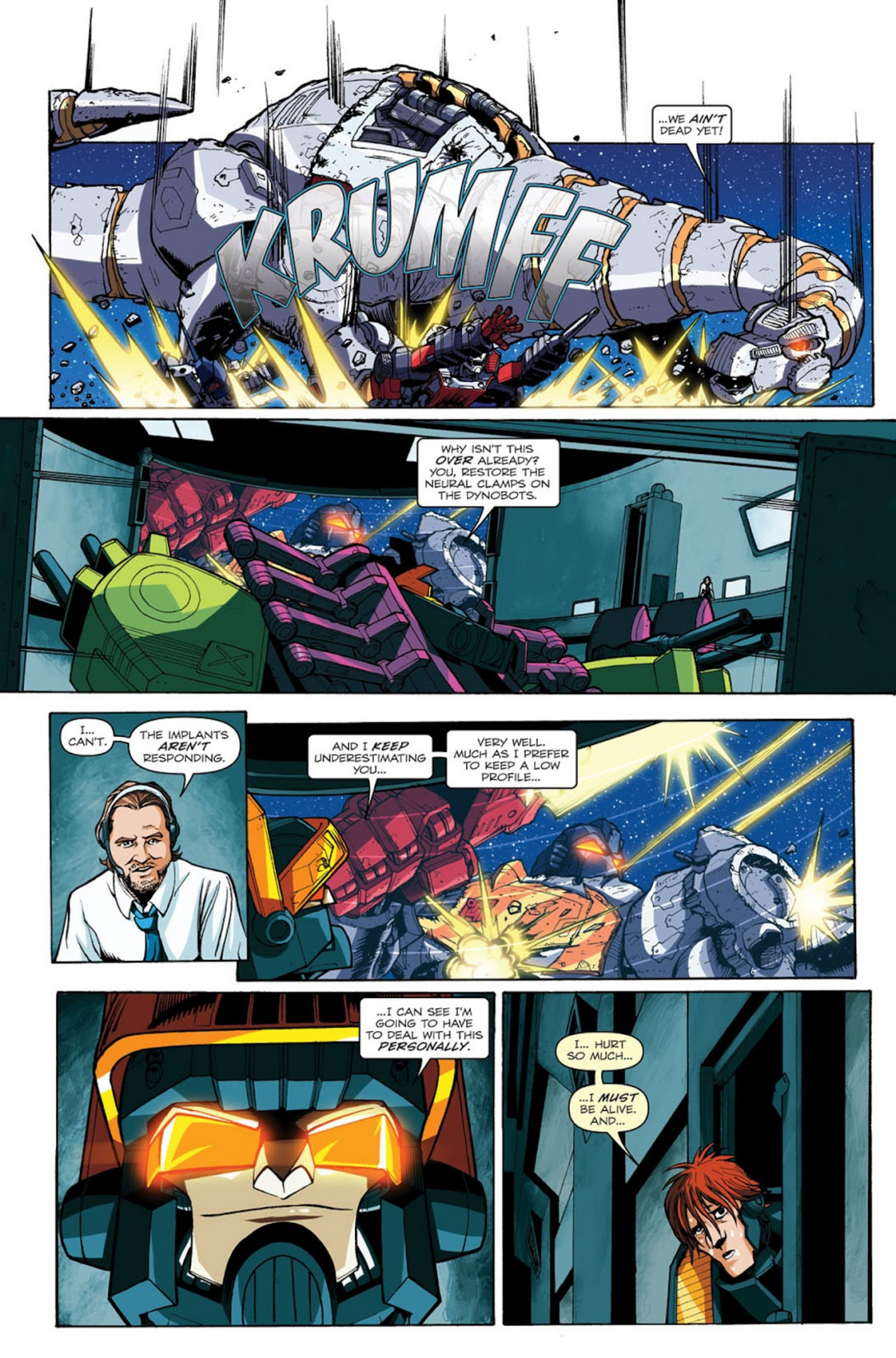
SCORPONOK MADE IT OUR FIGHT WHEN HE GOT IN YOUR HEADS, TURNED YOU AGAINST ME. IT'S THE DYNOBOT WAY.
NO.

IT'S YOUR WAY. IT'S ALWAYS BEEN ABOUT YOU, WE... WERE JUST ALONG FOR THE RIDE. HERE, NOW—THIS IS ABOUT YOUR WOUNDED PRIDE.
TELL ME, GRIMLOCK, DOES GETTING EVEN MATTER SO MUCH...

...YOU'RE WILLING TO TAKE US ALL DOWN WITH YOU?

WE'RE TAKING SOME *FLAK!*
EH. THIS OL' WARHORSE HAS TAKEN WORSE. DOUBLECROSS, IN YOUR OWN TIME...
YEAH, YEAH. CAN'T RUSH PERFECTION...
AH, GOTCHA *ALL*. BLANKET DISPERSAL...
"...LET 'EM *RIP*, BOYS."
FWTOOOM
SHA-WAAM
@LAAASH

GRIMLOCK...
THDDAMM
...YOU'RE UP.
NO WAY I CAN LET THIS GO.
WITH YOU, WITHOUT YOU...
...THERE'LL BE A RECKONING!
Y'KNOW, WHY EVEN FIGHT IT?
I'D RATHER GO DOWN HERE, BRAWLING, THAN KEEP ON CHASING A MYTH OF WHAT WAS... AND CAN LIKELY NEVER BE AGAIN!
FELLOW DYNOBOTS—IT'S BEEN AN HONOR AND A PRIVILEGE...
HEY...


KRUMFF
...WE AIN'T DEAD YET!
WHY ISN'T THIS OVER ALREADY? YOU, RESTORE THE NEURAL CLAMPS ON THE DYNOBOTS.
I... CAN'T.
THE IMPLANTS AREN'T RESPONDING.
AND I KEEP UNDERESTIMATING YOU...
VERY WELL. MUCH AS I PREFER TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE...
...I CAN SEE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH THIS PERSONALLY.
I... HURT SO MUCH...
...I MUST BE ALIVE. AND...

...MAYBE, JUST MAYBE...
...KICKING...

STAY TIGHT. STAY FOCUSED. GO THROUGH THE GREATEST MASS.
WHERE IT'S STRONGEST...
...IT'S WEAKEST. WE KNOW THE THEORY. YOU PRACTICALLY FORCE-FED IT TO US. NOW WE SEE IF IT HOLDS.
SO FAR, SO GOOD. BUT THIS, RELATIVELY SPEAKING, IS THE EASY BIT.
WHUUUUF

YEAH, THERE'S STILL SCORPONOK. HE WON'T SIT BACK AND LET US JUST TEAR DOWN HIS FLEDGLING EMPIRE. HOW DO WE FIGHT HIM?
FHOW

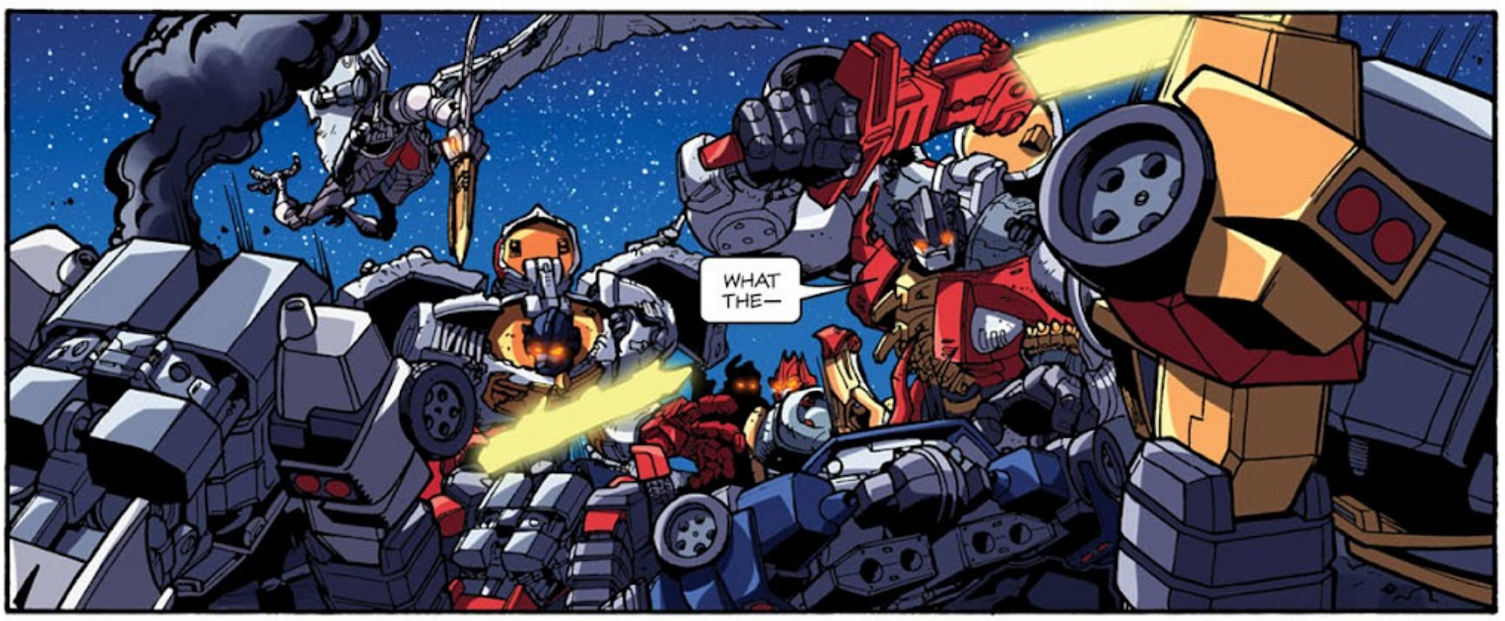
HHT! AT THIS RATE... BAD LANGUAGE MIGHT BE OUR ONLY OPTION.
ZZIF
LEAVE SCORPONOK TO ME.
UNFINISHED BUSINESS.
NO. WE DO THIS TOGETHER OR NOT AT ALL. RISE OR FALL, LIVE OR DIE...
VAARK

"...WE'RE DYNOBOTS TO THE BITTER END."

LISTEN, SUNSTREAKER, I'M SORRY. CHANCES ARE YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT.
BUT... WHAT I DO NOW I DO BECAUSE I'M OUT OF OPTIONS, AND MAYBE SO ARE YOU.

WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID? EVERY MOMENT, A LITTLE BIT OF ME DIES?

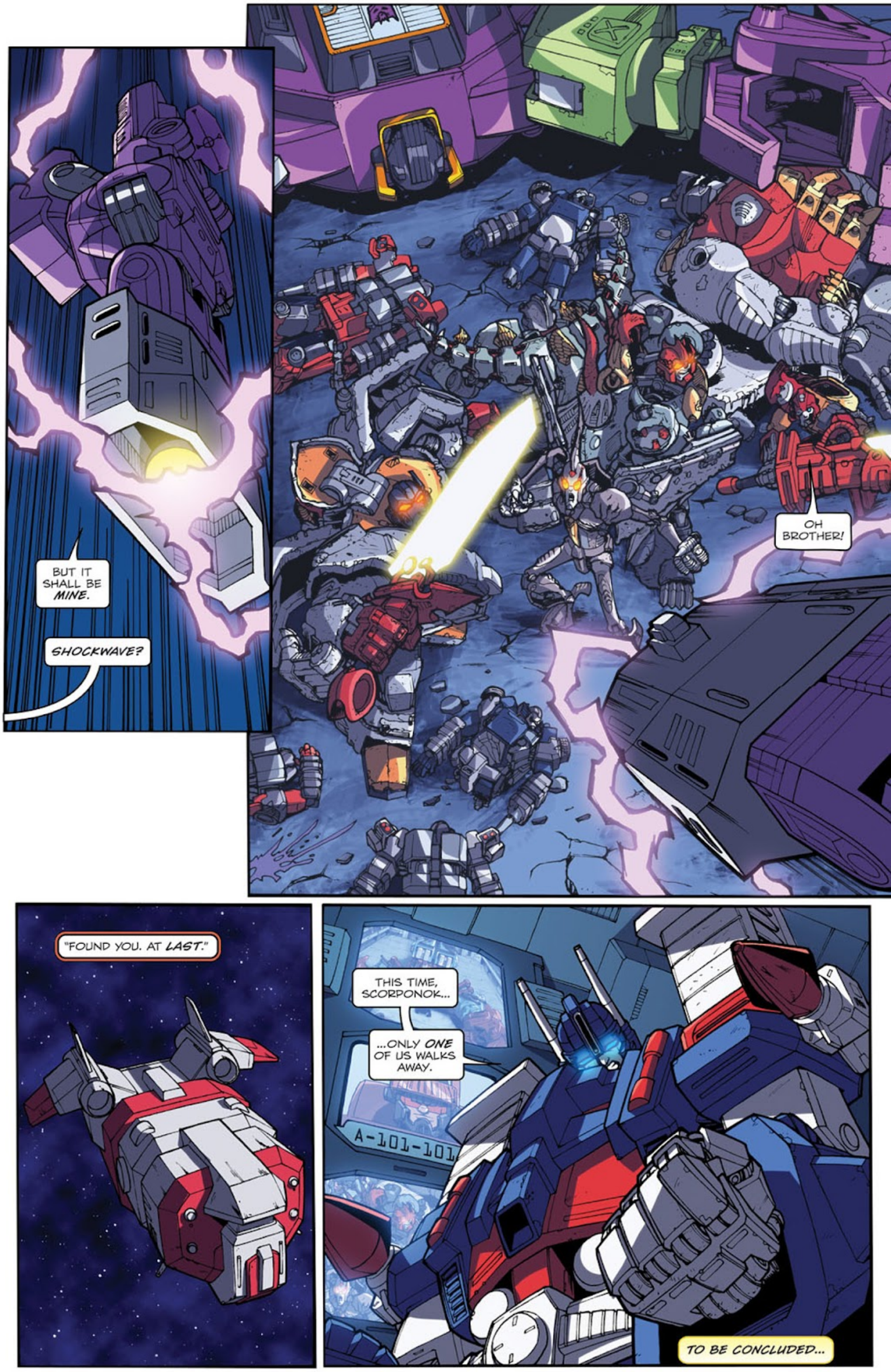
SKARD
IT'S BETTER THIS WAY.


WHAT THE—

DUNT
DUNT
DUNT
DUNT

WHAT... JUST... HAPPENED?
I SUSPECT...

...SUNSTREAKER PULLED THE *PLUG* ON HIMSELF.
HUH?
IT'S... *COMPLICATED.*
HOW ABOUT THAT? WE *WON!* WE ACTUALLY—
ZKK-TAAA!
SLUDGE?
MY EMPIRE LIES IN RUINS... BECAUSE OF *YOU!*
BUT THERE'S ALWAYS REVENGE. SWEET, LANGOROUS *REVENGE.*
YES!


BUT IT SHALL BE MINE.
SHOCKWAVE?
OH BROTHER!
"FOUND YOU. AT LAST."
THIS TIME, SCORPONOK...
...ONLY ONE OF US WALKS AWAY.
A-101-101
TO BE CONCLUDED...

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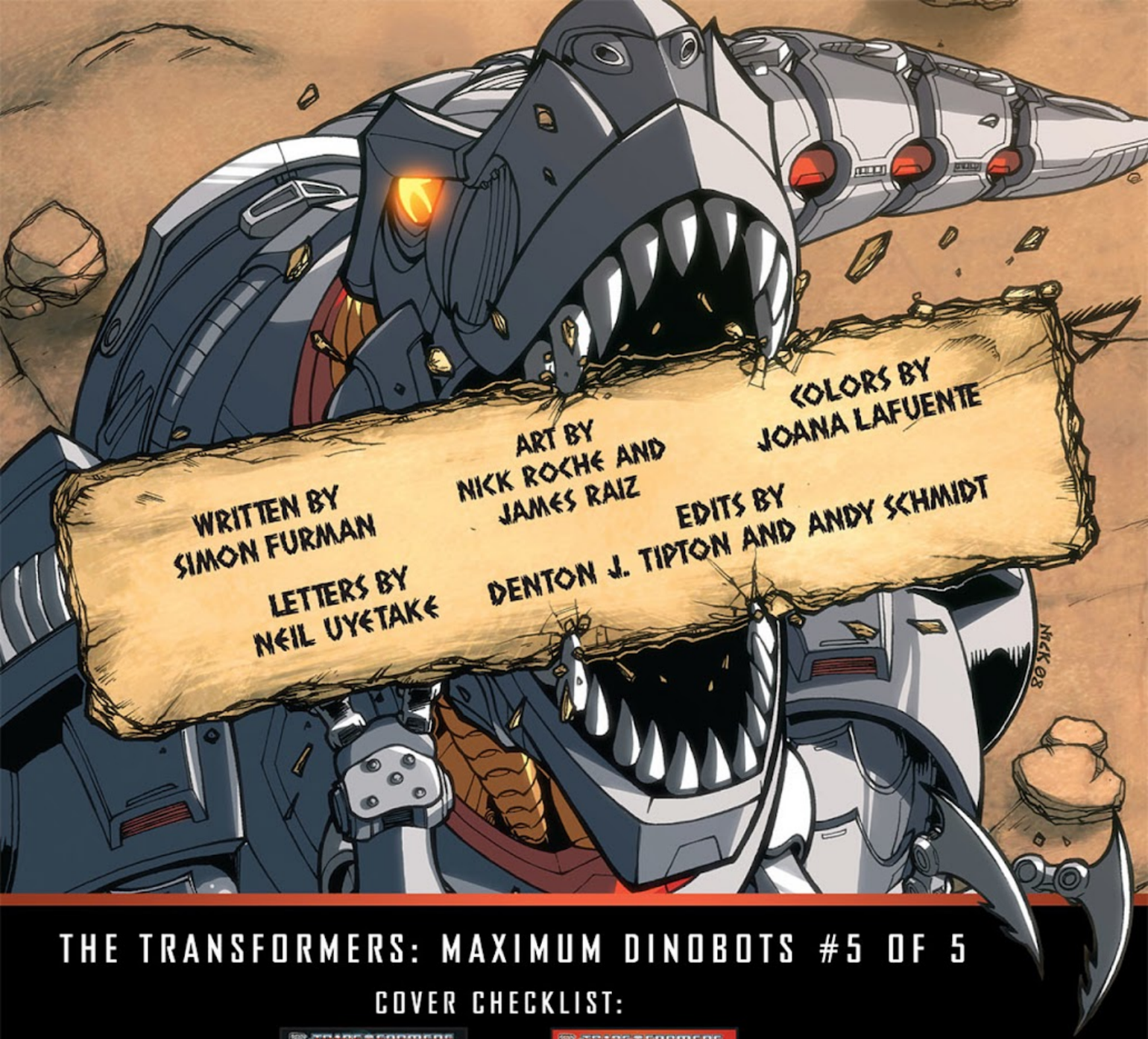

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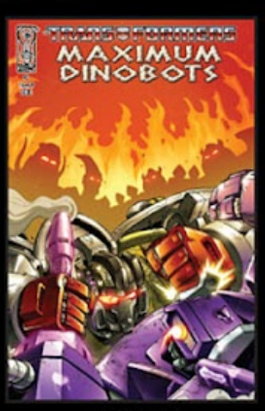

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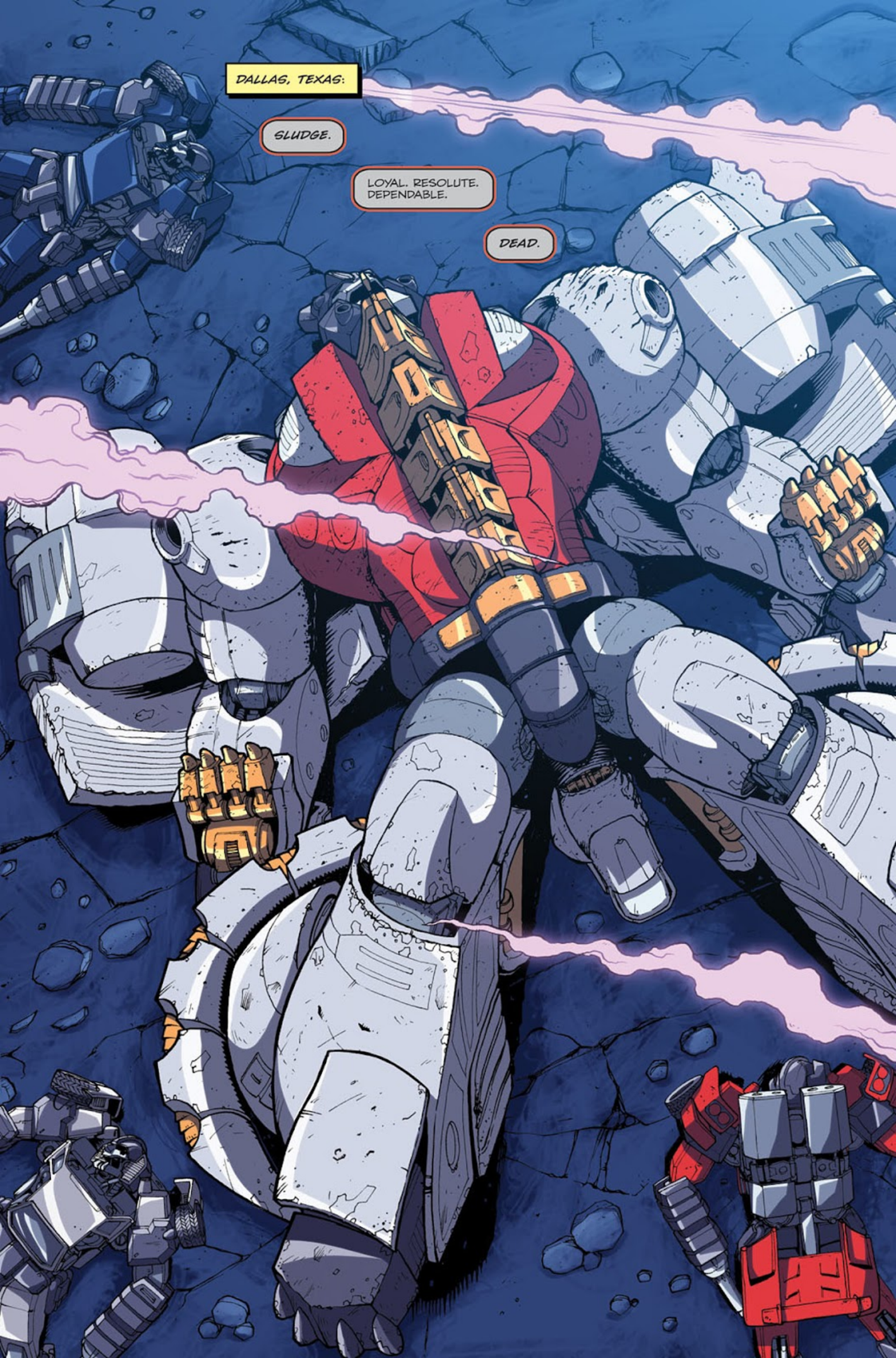
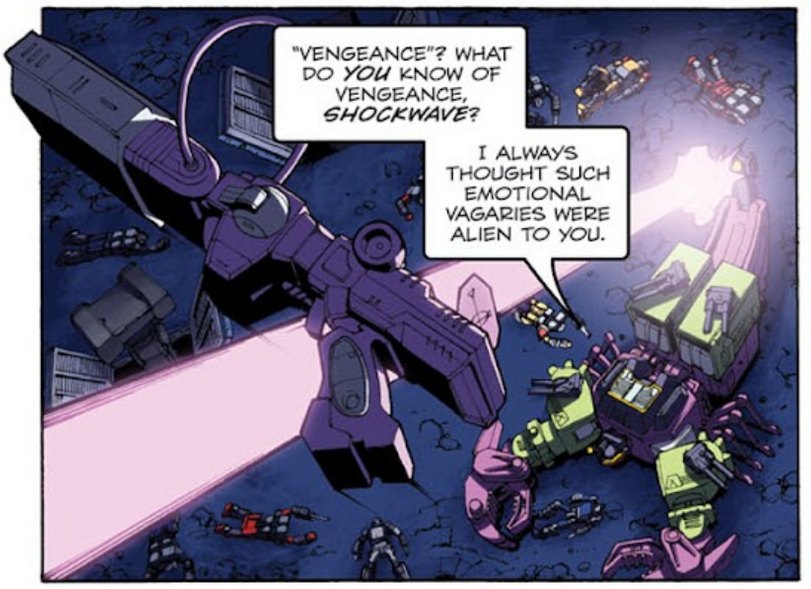
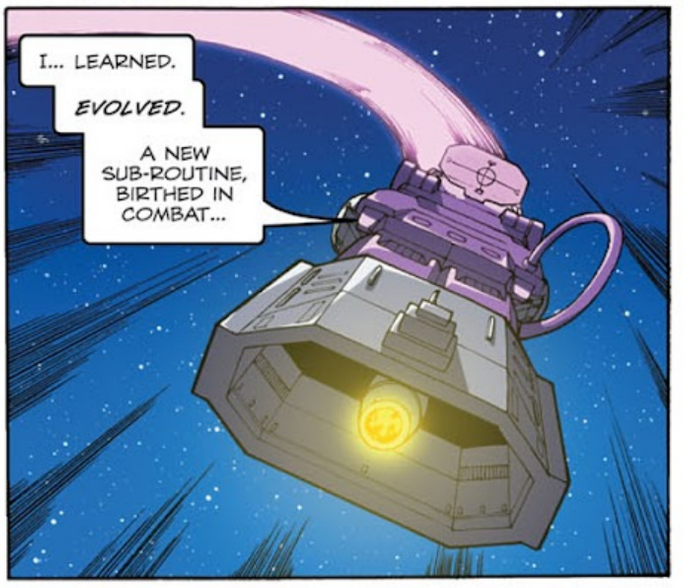
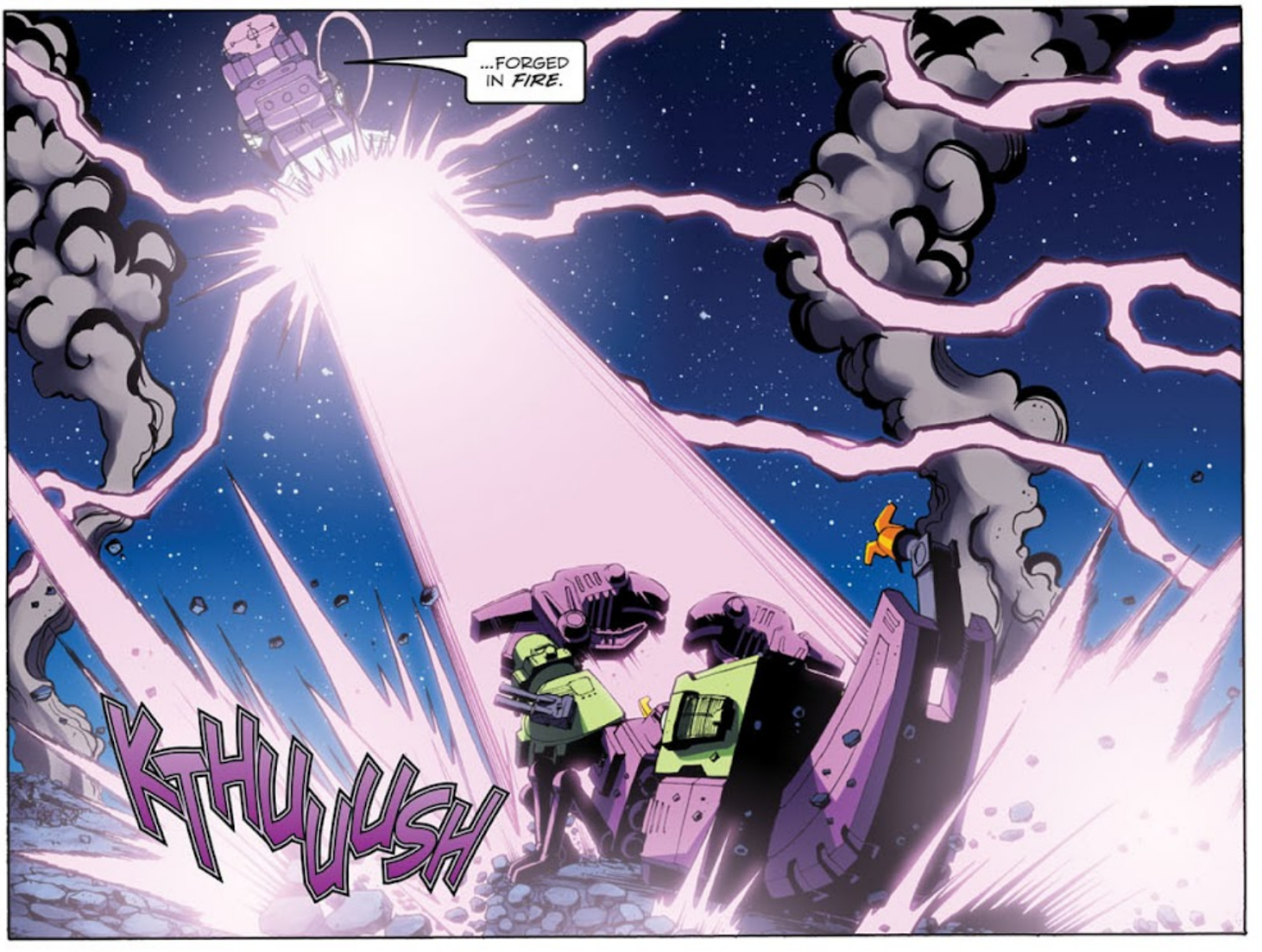

DALLAS, TEXAS:
SLUDGE.
LOYAL. RESOLUTE. DEPENDABLE.
DEAD.

BECAUSE OF ME.
GRIMLOCK!
UNLESS YOU WANT TO JOIN HIM... MOVE!
UF!
CLARK
YOU HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING.
BUT... I HAVE MOVED ON BEFORE, BEGUN ANEW, AND I WILL DO SO AGAIN.
AFTER I REDUCE YOU TO SUBATOMIC OBLIVION.
BKUM
BKUM
I TOLD YOU, SCORPONOK-CEASE AND DESIST.
VENGEANCE WILL BE MINE AND MINE ALONE!
"AW, GEE..."
KK-TAAK

...ISN'T IT GREAT TO BE SO IN-DEMAND?
SEE, GENERALLY IT'S EASIER KEEPIN' TAGS ON WHO WE HAVEN'T TICKED OFF.
IT'S THE DYNOBOT WAY.


"VENGEANCE"? WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF VENGEANCE, SHOCKWAVE?
I ALWAYS THOUGHT SUCH EMOTIONAL VAGARIES WERE ALIEN TO YOU.

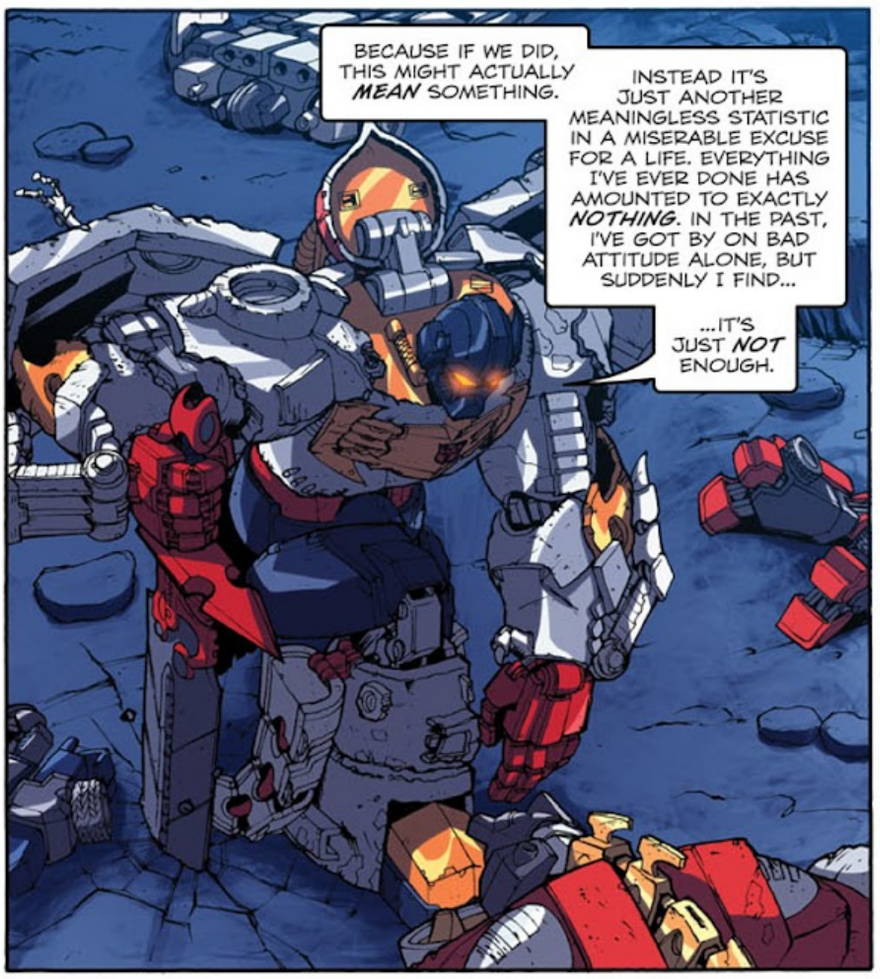

I... LEARNED.
EVOLVED.
A NEW SUB-ROUTINE, BIRTHED IN COMBAT...


...FORGED IN FIRE.
KTHUUUSH

THIS IS OUR CHANCE. WHILE THEY'RE BUSY FIGURING OUT WHOSE GRUDGE IS BIGGER...
...WE SLIP AWAY.

NO.
NO?
OKAY, LOOK– SLUDGE GOT HIS CIRCUITS CRISPY FRIED, SURE, BUT THAT GOES WITH THE TERRITORY. WE DON'T DO RECRIMINATIONS AND WE NEVER, EVER...

...GET ALL "BAND OF BROTHERS."
I KNOW, SNARL, I KNOW.
MORE'S THE PITY.


BECAUSE IF WE DID, THIS MIGHT ACTUALLY MEAN SOMETHING.
INSTEAD IT'S JUST ANOTHER MEANINGLESS STATISTIC IN A MISERABLE EXCUSE FOR A LIFE. EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DONE HAS AMOUNTED TO EXACTLY NOTHING. IN THE PAST, I'VE GOT BY ON BAD ATTITUDE ALONE, BUT SUDDENLY I FIND...
...IT'S JUST NOT ENOUGH.

YOU GO. TAKE THE OTHERS WITH YOU.
I'M SEEING THIS ONE THROUGH TO THE BITTER END! IT MAY BE LONG OVERDUE BUT I'M FINALLY TAKING RESPONSIBILITY.

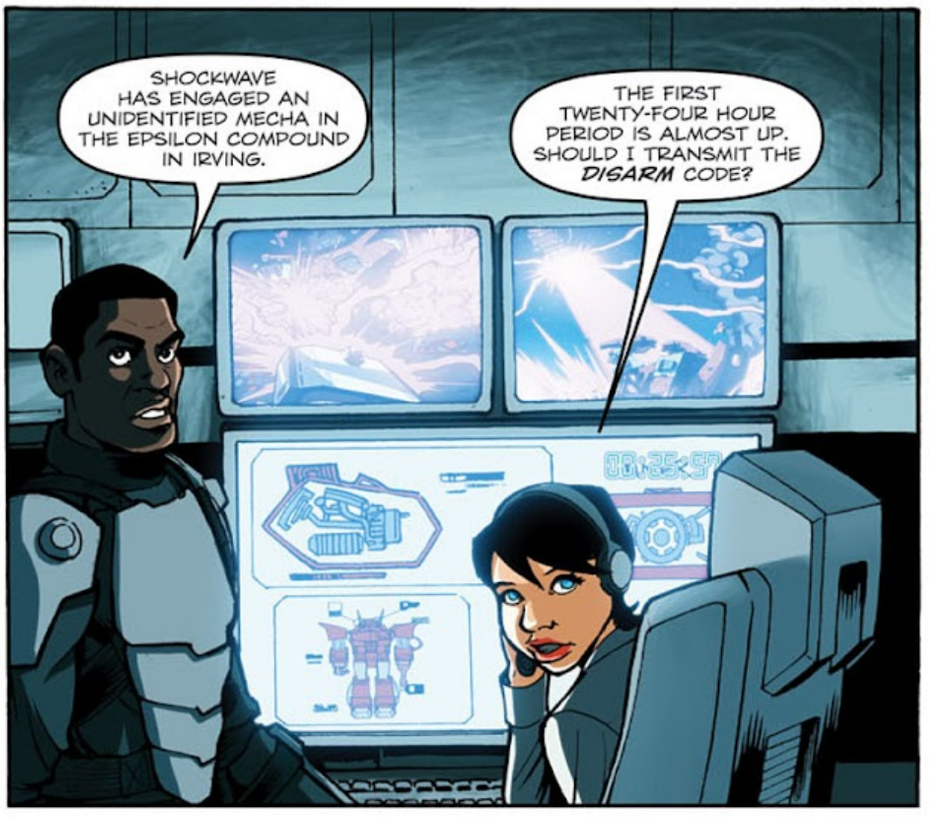
OR IS IT?
LET'S GO. SIGNAL *REPUGNUS*. HAVE HIM PICK US UP AT THE RENDEZVOUS POINT.
GRIMLOCK?
NO. HE'S HAVING WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL...
"...AN ACCOUNTABLE MOMENT."
COMIN' WITH US?
THANKS, BUT I'VE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF MY *OWN*.
LOOK AT YOURSELF, *HOT ROD*. YOU'RE NOT IN ANY MUCH SHAPE FOR A FIGHT.
I KNOW. YOU'RE SMART TO CUT AND RUN, *SLAG*. SMARTER THAN ME!
I LET THIS GET *PERSONAL!*

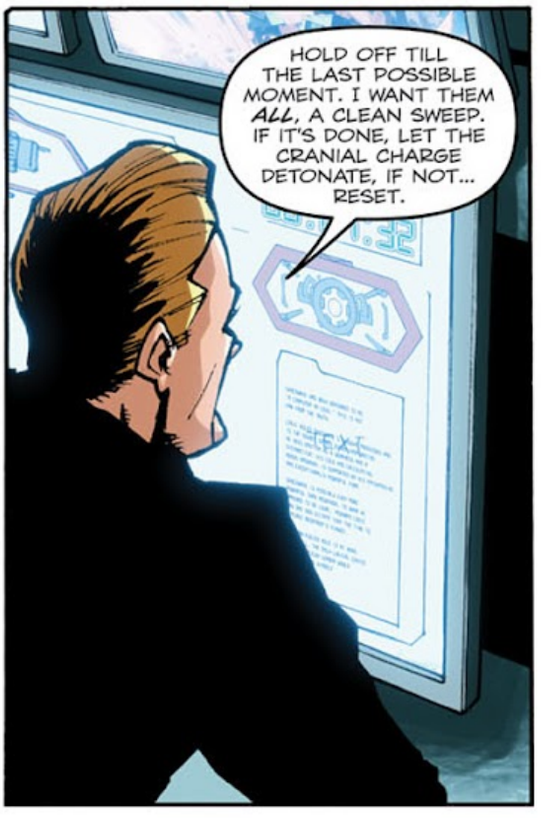
I-40 (EASTBOUND):
AGENT RED, WE HAVE A CONFIRMATION FROM OUR OREGON FIELD UNIT...

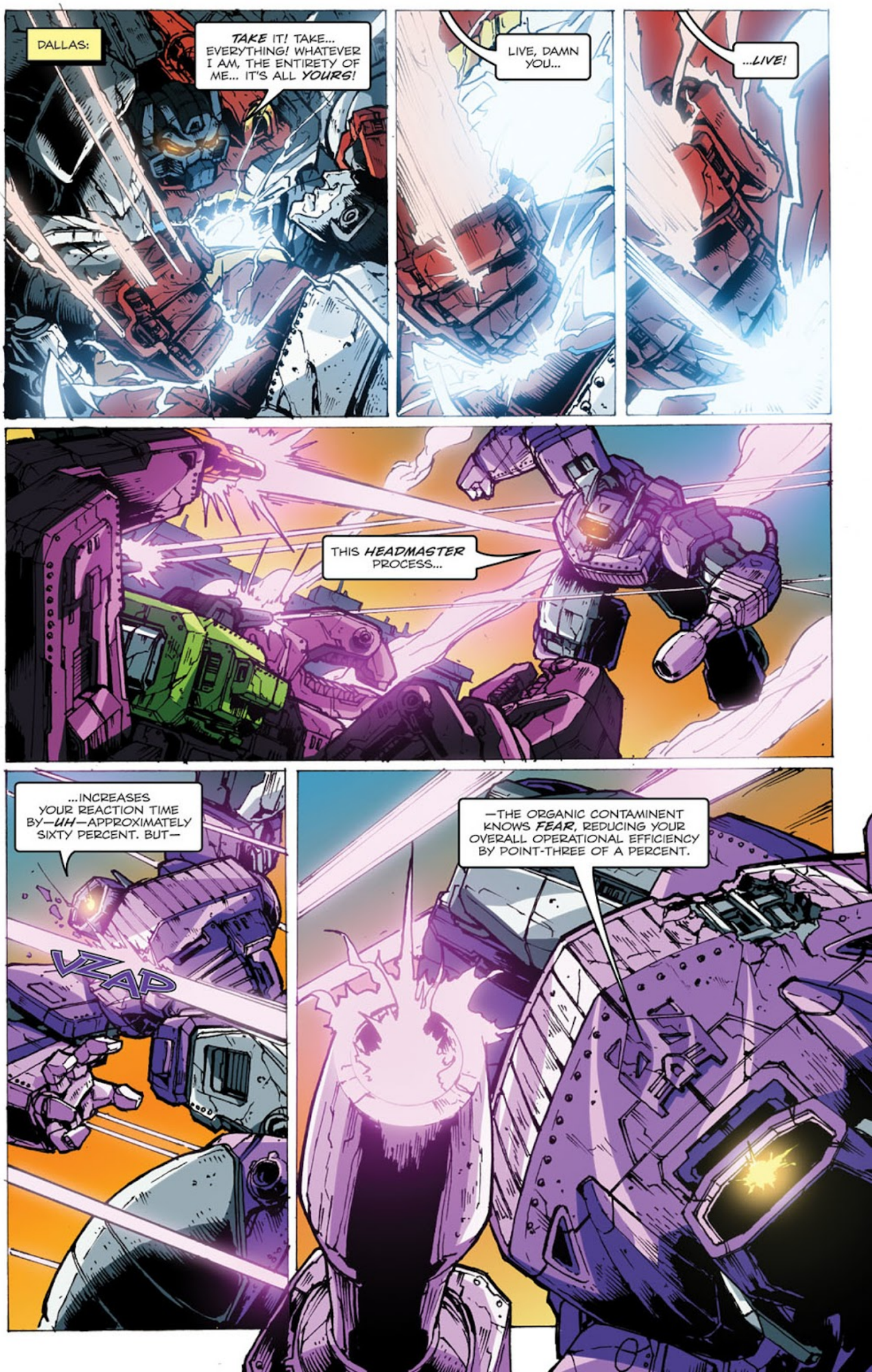
...SEEKERS ONE AND TWO HAVE BEEN RE-ACQUIRED AT THE EXACT COORDINATES SHOCKWAVE SUPPLIED.
STATUS?
SKYWATCH OPS-COMMAND/ MOBILE UNIT.

"FULLY IMMOBILIZED. HIGHER FUNCTIONS OFFLINE."

TWO DOWN.
WHAT'S THE LATEST FROM DALLAS?


SHOCKWAVE HAS ENGAGED AN UNIDENTIFIED MECHA IN THE EPSILON COMPOUND IN IRVING.
THE FIRST TWENTY-FOUR HOUR PERIOD IS ALMOST UP. SHOULD I TRANSMIT THE DISARM CODE?


HOLD OFF TILL THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT. I WANT THEM ALL, A CLEAN SWEEP. IF IT'S DONE, LET THE CRANIAL CHARGE DETONATE, IF NOT... RESET.


DALLAS:
TAKE IT! TAKE... EVERYTHING! WHATEVER I AM, THE ENTIRETY OF ME... IT'S ALL YOURS!
LIVE, DAMN YOU...
...LIVE!
THIS HEADMASTER PROCESS...
...INCREASES YOUR REACTION TIME BY—UH—APPROXIMATELY SIXTY PERCENT. BUT—
VZAP
—THE ORGANIC CONTAMINENT KNOWS FEAR, REDUCING YOUR OVERALL OPERATIONAL EFFICIENCY BY POINT-THREE OF A PERCENT.

ENOUGH, BY MY CALCULATIONS, TO MAKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VICTORY...
...AND DEFEAT.
SKAKOOM
HG—
—UGHHHN!
I... AM... MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU...
I... WILL...
YIELD.
AT THIS DISTANCE, A FOCUSED ION BLAST WILL PENETRATE EVEN YOUR ARMOR PLATING. THE CREATURE AT THE HEART OF YOU WILL PERISH.
AS I HAVE NO OVERRIDING IMPERATIVE TO TRUNCATE YOUR EXISTENCE IT WOULD BE LOGICAL TO STAND DOWN YOUR WEAPONS SYSTEMS IMMEDIATELY.

AS YOU SAY...
...LOGICAL.
NOTHING.
I ASSUME YOU HAVE AN EXIT STRATEGY.
OF COURSE.
THEN USE IT.
NO!
MAY NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAVE SLUDGE...
...BUT I CAN STILL AVENGE HIM.
NOT TODAY.

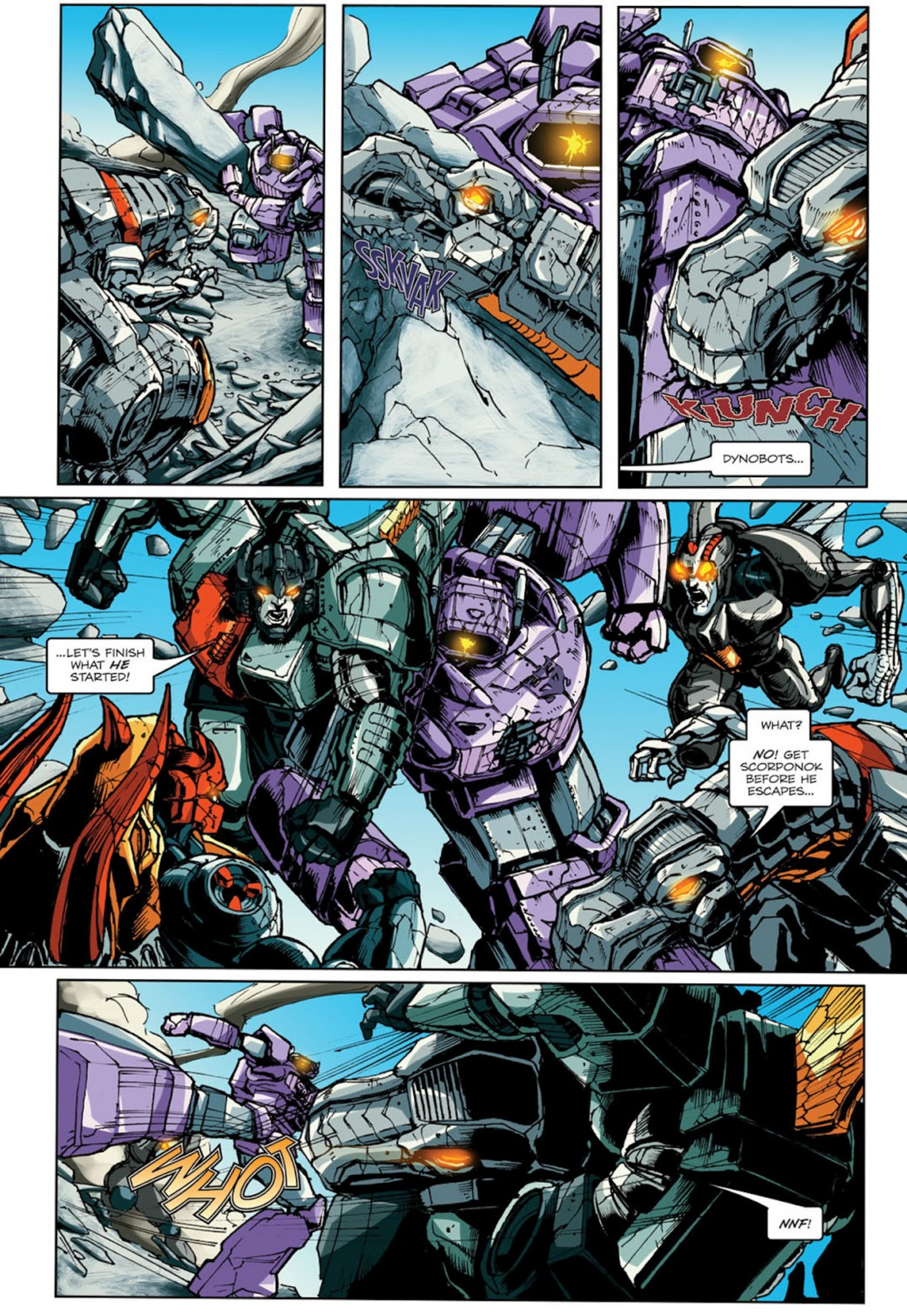
NO!
NO-NO-NO-NO!
TEN THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX YEARS, TWO MONTHS, AND THREE DAYS.
THAT IS WHAT YOU COST ME. THAT IS THE DEBT.
YEAH? WELL, THE HUMANS HAVE AN EXPRESSION...
...PAYBACK'S A BITCH!
00: 12: 12
SLANG
SLARK
GZZZ-KK!

EARLIER...
YOU UNDERSTAND, SOUNDWAVE, TIMING IS EVERYTHING.
OF COURSE. JUST MAKE VERY SURE THAT WHILE I AM CLONING THE SKYWATCH DISARM CODE YOU ARE SIMULTANEOUSLY MAKING GOOD ON YOUR END OF THE BARGAIN.
YES. IRONIC, ISN'T IT?
THAT YOU FIND YOURSELF LOCKED IN THIS MOST LIMITED ALT. MODE, COURTESY OF A WEAPON DESIGNED BY ME.
BUT NO MATTER. SOON, BOTH OF US...
NOW.
"...SHALL BE WHOLE AGAIN."

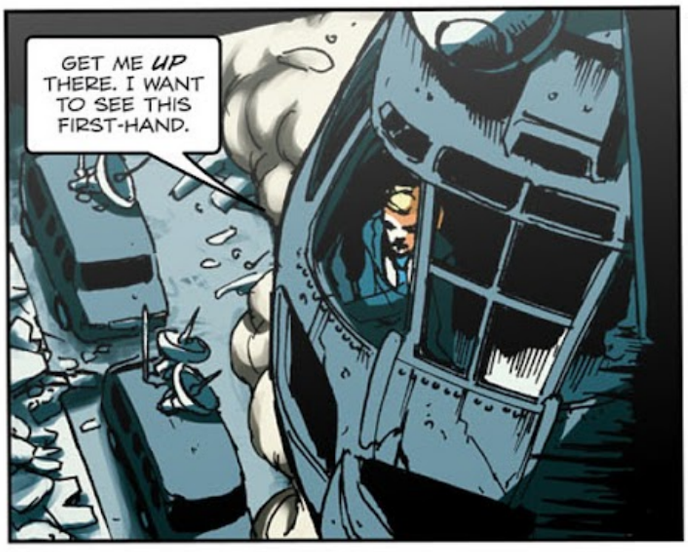
DUE EAST:
JUST THE THREE OF YOU, HUH?
LOOKS THAT WAY, DOESN'T IT?
OH WELL.
WHAT ARE YOU *WAITING* FOR? AN INVITATION?
FACE IT–YOU, US–WE'RE A GOOD FIT, ALL REBELS WITHOUT A CAUSE. WE BELIEVE IN JUST THREE THINGS...
...*ME, MYSELF,* AND I.
MACHINATION CENTRAL:
WOW.
THAT IS *UGLY.*
H-HOT ROD?

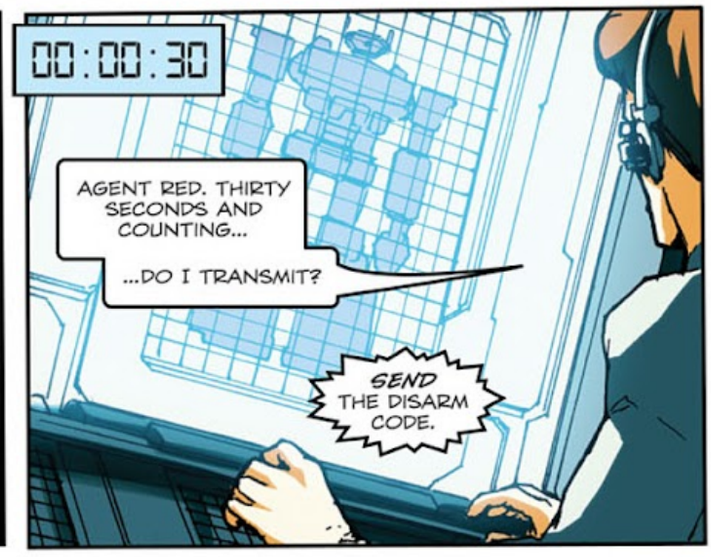
IS-IS THAT REALLY YOU?
ER. HUNTER, RIGHT? BUT WHERE'S—
N-NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. THIS IS SCORPONOK. ALL OF HIM! SEE THOSE... THEY'RE WHAT'S KEEPING HIM ALIVE... FUNCTIONAL... WHATEVER THE RIGHT TERMINOLOGY IS, I...
EASY, HUNTER. I GET IT.
STAND BACK. ONE GOOD SWING AND THIS'LL ALL BE—
OVER.
KICK
NO-N—
—UHHHN!

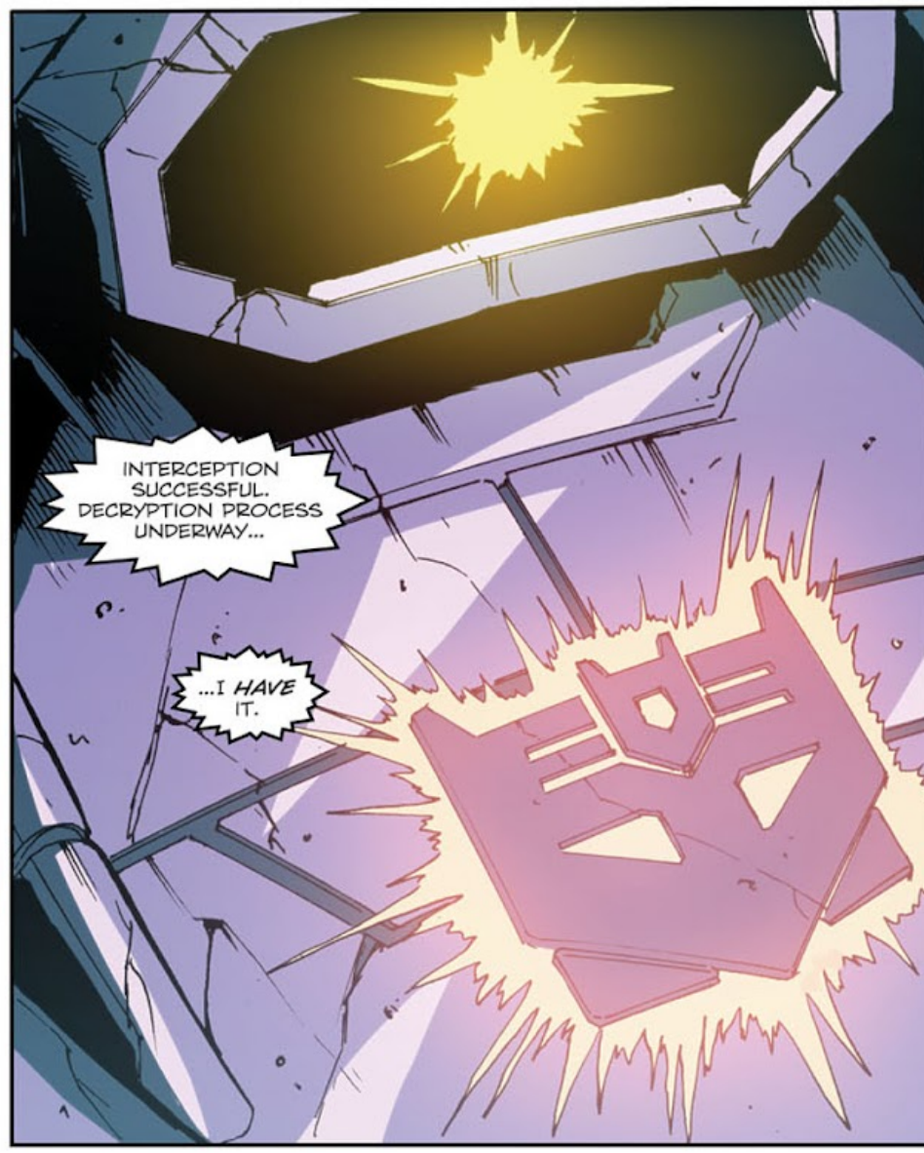
FOSH
TRASK
EVERYONE AGREED?
YEP. THIS MAY NOT BE *MUCH* OF A CAUSE, BUT IT'LL HAVE TO DO. MONSTERBOTS WE ARE NOT.
S'RIGHT.
ER, GUYS...
...WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
SLUDGE?

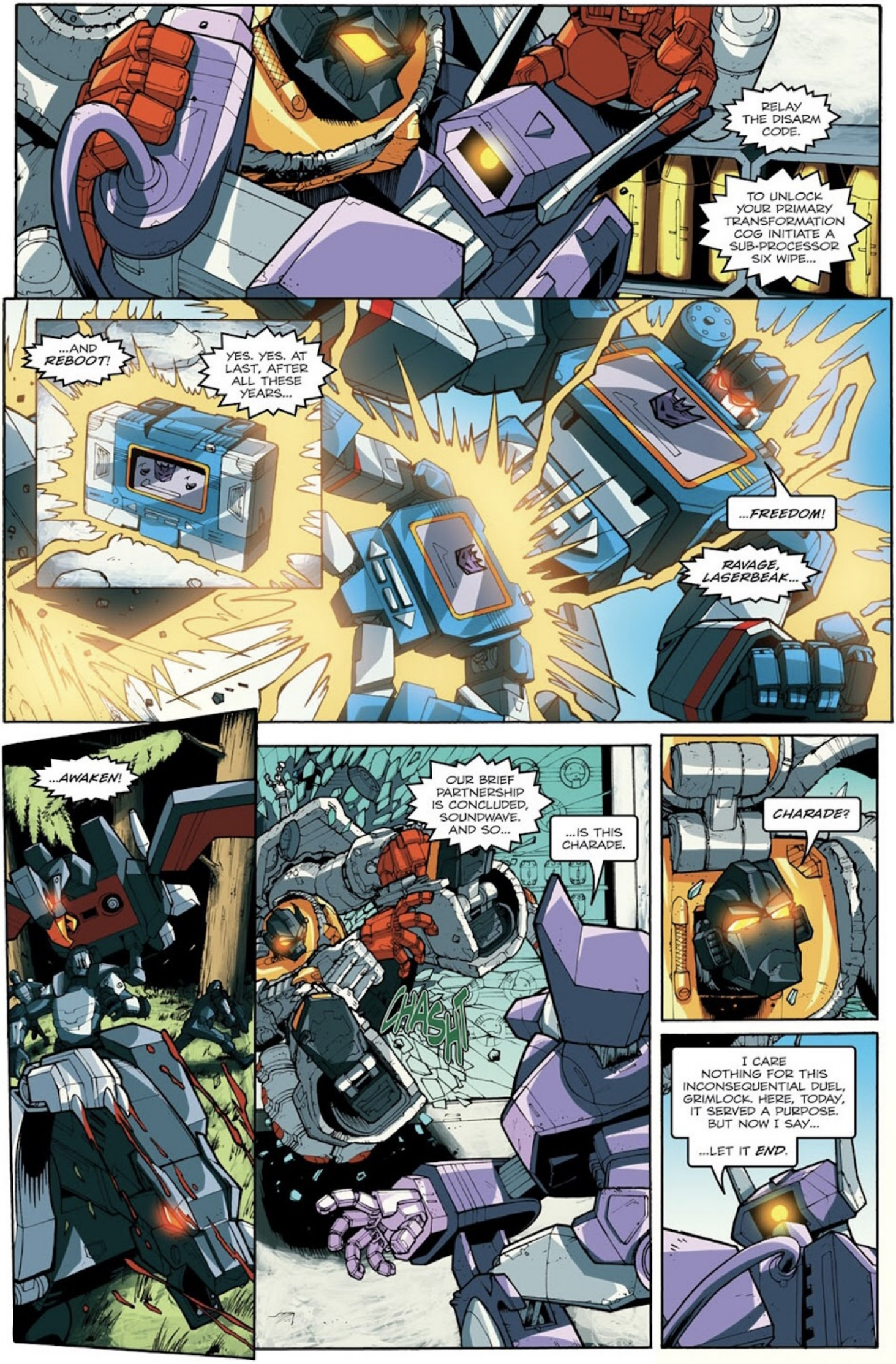

SSKVAK
KLUNCH
DYNOBOTS...
...LET'S FINISH WHAT *HE* STARTED!
WHAT?
NO! GET SCORPONOK BEFORE HE ESCAPES...
WHOT
NNF!

SKUTHK


GET ME UP THERE. I WANT TO SEE THIS FIRST-HAND.

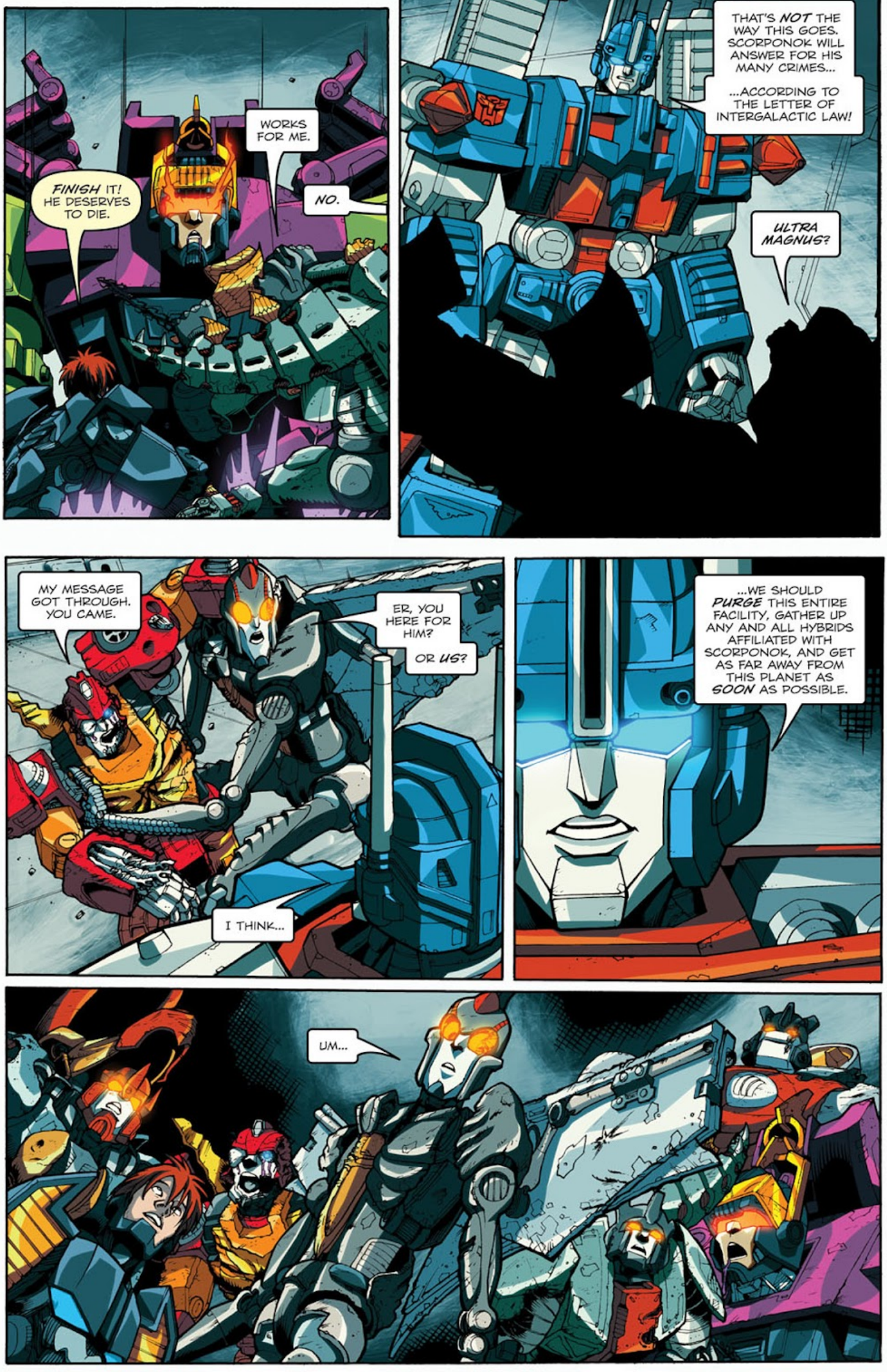

00:00:30
AGENT RED. THIRTY SECONDS AND COUNTING...
...DO I TRANSMIT?
SEND THE DISARM CODE.


INTERCEPTION SUCCESSFUL. DECRYPTION PROCESS UNDERWAY...
...I HAVE IT.


RELAY THE DISARM CODE.
TO UNLOCK YOUR PRIMARY TRANSFORMATION COG INITIATE A SUB-PROCESSOR SIX WIPE...
...AND REBOOT!
YES. YES. AT LAST, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...
...FREEDOM!
RAVAGE, LASERBEAK...
...AWAKEN!
OUR BRIEF PARTNERSHIP IS CONCLUDED, SOUNDWAVE. AND SO...
...IS THIS CHARADE.
CHASH!
CHARADE?
I CARE NOTHING FOR THIS INCONSEQUENTIAL DUEL, GRIMLOCK. HERE, TODAY, IT SERVED A PURPOSE. BUT NOW I SAY...
...LET IT END.

IF YOU FOLLOW ME, OR PERSIST IN HARASSING ME, I WILL KILL YOU. STAY OUT OF MY AFFAIRS AND—
NEVER.
THIS ONLY ENDS...
...ONE WAY!
WHAT...
...HAVE YOU DONE?
WHAT I DO BEST.
VHOOM

BELOW:
I SHALL AT LEAST TAKE WITH ME THE SLIGHT BUT SWEET SATISFACTION...
...OF SQUEEZING THE LIFE FROM YOU.
SCORPONOK!
YOU MESSED WITH THE DYNOBOTS. THAT'S NEVER A GOOD MOVE.
HALFWITS. YOU SHOULD HAVE RUN WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE.
THE HEAD! TARGET THE HEAD!
WOW...
...THAT IS UGLY.
EEEUUUGH!


FINISH IT! HE DESERVES TO DIE.
WORKS FOR ME.
NO.
THAT'S NOT THE WAY THIS GOES. SCORPONOK WILL ANSWER FOR HIS MANY CRIMES...
...ACCORDING TO THE LETTER OF INTERGALACTIC LAW!
ULTRA MAGNUS?
MY MESSAGE GOT THROUGH. YOU CAME.
ER, YOU HERE FOR HIM?
OR US?
I THINK...
...WE SHOULD PURGE THIS ENTIRE FACILITY, GATHER UP ANY AND ALL HYBRIDS AFFILIATED WITH SCORPONOK, AND GET AS FAR AWAY FROM THIS PLANET AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
UM...

"...SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN."
ARK-32 (THREE DAYS LATER):
IS HE ALIVE?
HE IS. BADLY TRAUMATISED AND IN NEED OF A LOT OF C.R.* TIME, BUT HE'LL MEND.
THOUGH PHYSICALLY SEPARATED, SUNSTREAKER'S SPARK SUSTAINED HIM...
*CRYOGENIC REGENERATION
AND ME? AM I—? ARE WE—?
WELL, I'VE BEEN ABLE TO DAMP DOWN THE POSITRONIC FEED SO YOU DON'T KEEP THINKING HIS THOUGHTS, BUT... I SIMPLY DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THE TECHNOLOGY TO RISK REMOVING YOUR IMPLANTS.
STRANGE. IT'S LIKE, HALF OF ME IS...
...MISSING. I'M...
...NOT EVEN SURE WHO I AM ANYMORE.
YOU'RE OUR FRIEND...
WELCOME BACK, HUNTER.
VERITY! JIMMY!
HEY, BUD. HEAR YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH SOME CHANGES.
LIKE YOU WOULDN'T -HH- BELIEVE.

I SHOULD BE GOING.
I DID WHAT I COULD ON EARTH, BUT THERE'S AN OUTFIT CALLED SKYWATCH THAT SEEMS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT US.
YES. WE'RE WELL AND TRULY COMPROMISED. FOR NOW...
"...LET'S JUST HOPE THEY BELIEVE ALL COMBATANTS PERISHED IN THAT EXPLOSION."
THANKS IN NO SMALL PART TO YOU...
...I NOW HAVE SCORPONOK AND SHOCKWAVE IN CUSTODY. I'LL SEE IT GOES SOME WAY TO OFFSETTING YOUR OWN SENTENCE.
FORGET ME. JUST AS LONG AS WE'RE CLEAR: THE DECISION TO GO AFTER SHOCKWAVE IN THE FIRST PLACE WAS MINE.
THE BUCK STOPS HERE.
WARRANTS ON THE OTHER DYNOBOTS HAVE ALREADY BEEN CANCELED.
Y'KNOW, WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE ABOUT YOUR LOT IS, ARE YOU TOO TOUGH OR JUST TOO STUBBORN TO DIE?
BOTH.
SLUDGE.
LOYAL. RESOLUTE. DEPENDABLE.
ALIVE.
BECAUSE OF ME.
THE END.